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AARON M POWELL, *Editor.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Special Editorial Contributor.*

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LETTER FROM RICHMOND.

RICHMOND, VA., July 20th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

WHEN in the City of New York I promised to write to you on my return to Richmond. Some three or four months have now elapsed and I have just reached the crisis of my promise. In trying to bring order out of chaos down here, one is often pushed aside from the direct line of duty, and a single divergence however slight at first is often the result of great difference in the end, this I suppose is the experience of human life everywhere. However right our motives or firm our intentions, we are often confronted with influences mightier for the moment than is our ability to overcome them. This I trust you will accept as my apology for not writing at a much earlier date.

Many of our people have passed through for the present the acute suffering which, since emancipation, winter invariably produces; the weather being warm, the poor are relieved from one pinch and can give more attention to the other, that is to say, they can get on with less clothing, and as a consequence feed their stomachs a grain better. The war has, as it should, cut loose the old ties of the social institution, but has left us all its vices. Slavery extracted from the slaveholders all that is generous, sympathetic, and christian, and its extinction has left them fossilized and without a single recuperative or vitalizing quality. They are moved by no sentiment of humanity, if the victim of misfortune is covered with a black skin. Every little incoherency on the part of the colored people they attempt to correct by force. Force was the medium by which slavery enforced its mandate; by it the negro was reduced to a mere machine, his respect, if he had any, was mechanical and his love was turned into hate because no other faculty had been developed. The newspapers of Richmond will give you a fair idea of the feelings of the masses of the white people of Virginia. In them, you will see loud professions of friendship for the freedmen, they are all exhorted to stick by the old master, and rely upon his protection at the same time they keep the marl beneath his feet at white heat. The old Virginia politicians are working to regain their lost prestige, the negro being no longer a slave, they say, he need not be a bone of contention, and impeachment having failed all looks favorable toward reconstruction with Southern rights. By this is meant the government once more in the hands of the Democracy, and looking to this as a final end, the negro having neither land nor education, he is to be coerced into measures through want. The idea is when winter shall return, Mr. Jones we will say, whom he now works for will fall out with and drive him off of his farm; and if he goes across the road to the next farm which is owned by, we will say, Mr. Smith, he is to be driven from there because Mr. Smith is already in league with Mr. Jones for this purpose; hence, if the freedmen will not surrender to the political dictation of the old slaveholders then they shall be kept in the road. The poor whites too are to be kept in line of conservatism on the plea that this is a white man's government, and this appeal to their ignorance is all sufficient. White man's government is now the concomitant ally of bad whiskey and vulgarism.

It is said that Chief Justice Chase left the impression here that there should be no further dispute about the status of the negro; he is now free and his fate rests with the political current that sweeps him onward. This was a very convenient step towards a coveted end. Thinking people here have already predicted for Chase the fate of Webster. When a great man begins through political ambition to blunder, every move he makes thereafter adds but an additional descent. Mr. Chase was much sought after while in Richmond, by the very men who were head and front of the rebellion. One incident occurred in the Circuit Court, while he was presiding which caused a curious throbbing and pulsation of the blood in our veins as we witnessed it, and thought over the appalling scenes of the war. We observed a man moving with hesitating step from amid the press of persons in the court room, going toward the Judge. We asked who he was and learned that his name was James A. Selden, the last Secretary of War for the Confederate States. He is a man of medium height, with a considerable stoop in his shoulders that protrudes his neck and head quite beyond the angle of his chest, which is compressed and flabby. He is a person slender in form; legs and arms thin to emaciation, with long and bony fingers. His dress had the appearance of a farmer, and with that exception, he was a striking likeness to one of *Harper's* sketches of our prisoners at Belle Isle and Andersonville. The top of his head is quite bald, and the hair, that remains, is white and shaggy, presenting a feverish and sickly appearance, covering a thin, pale, haggard and careworn face. He finally reached the Judge's stand, they took each other by the hand; there was a pause and a low bow in obeisance to the ex-rebel, who, with his clan during the war, tried to unhorse the Hon. E. M. Stanton our Secretary of War, but did not succeed until after the war was over. They exchanged salutations and then commenced an interview the purport of which propriety forbids our knowing. The meetings in Canada and Hampton Roads during the war; of Commissions of Peace, or some advise to a non-juror in regard to his enfranchisement may have been under consideration, we cannot say. At any rate James A. Selden, is one of the last of the breed of slave-holders, with A. H. Stephens, whose "lost cause" was meant to be the corner-stone of slavery. With their extinction begins the new era of the Emancipated race.

Judge Chase while here visited the old African Church in company with Ex-Gov. H. A. Wise—I should have said John Brown Wise.

AVON.

President Gen. Robert E. Lee, of a college in Virginia, was half-brother of the highly respectable and $300,000 colored Mr. Alfred Lee, who recently died in Georgetown, D. C.

FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

LETTER FROM HOWARD W. GILBERT.

OCTORARO, Chester Co., Pa., July 16th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THE Pennsylvania delegation to the Convention of rebels and their humble Northern friends recently held in your city, was a most characteristic body. Judge Woodward was, perhaps, the most intellectual of the batch. Before he was returned to Congress he pronounced the draft unconstitutional; after taking his seat in the House of Representatives, he openly declared that if he exercised the power of the Great Buffoon whom we chose, in a contingency which has occurred, for our President; he would disperse the National Legislature by means of the army, an avowal which he, no doubt, regarded as very grand; only he would have thought at least twice before he attempted to execute his threat.

"The Hon. William Bigler" was, some years ago, chosen by the people of this Commonwealth as their Governor, and subsequently, by its Legislature, to represent the State in the United States Senate. His name was very unpleasantly mixed up with resistance to the draft, in the mountain-region, not long after the breaking out of the conflict which imaginative people speak of as "the *late* war." Beyond this, the principal facts in his history are that he thinks he is talking French when he speaks of some vegetable which he calls "the *Upaw* tree," and that he looks upon the pronoun "them" as an adjective.

Mr. Francis W. Hughes was, at the commencement of the Slaveholder's Rebellion, Chairman of the Democratic Central Committee of the State. At that juncture he issued an official manifesto in which he declared, first, that the South had been greatly injured by the North; secondly, that she had a right to rebel; and thirdly, *That Pennsylvania's natural place was with the South.* This document was published, with approval, by every Democratic journal in the State. If I might make a suggestion to the Republican editors of Pennsylvania, I would urge them to republish this frank declaration of the designs of the Democratic party—the people have probably, in the main, forgotten it.

In connection with this matter I will just state that the opening of the will of the late ex-President Buchanan has disclosed the fact that he had invested largely in what are facetiously termed "Southern securities," but not a dollar in the bonds of the government. People's pecuniary investments constitute the best possible criterion for judging as to what they think will prove successful. This fact, in connection with Mr. Hughes' manifesto, is highly instructive.

We radicals here, in Pennsylvania, very earnestly wished that the Convention would nominate, for the Presidency, Andy Johnson's powerful friend, the present Chief Justice of the United States. Not that we have the slightest confidence in that personage, but we hoped that in that case the nominees of the Republican party would be emancipated from what must certainly be to them, a most unpleasant thraldom, and that they would, thereafter, be free to express themselves in reference to several political questions of the highest moment with that frankness which would be becoming to themselves and which is certainly due to us, so that henceforth we should not have been obliged to take so much for *Grant*-ed.

Speaking of the Chief Justice, his behavior during the impeachment trial, seems to have been quite of a piece with his conduct while Governor of Ohio, in sacrificing the heroic Margaret Garner, whom many of the ablest lawyers of the country thought he might easily have rescued from her bitter fate. Instead of doing this, he sent for the slaveholding Governors of Kentucky and Missouri to visit him in Cincinnati, where, for several days in succession, he made a personal display of his patriotism, by promenading the streets, sandwiched between those two dignitaries, to the great comfort of "all union-loving citizens."

"Oh! wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before a king!"

This was in the days of a very different kind of patriotism from that which ratified the Emancipation Proclamation, a document which was sealed with the blood of thousands of brave men whose sacrifices will forever remain unrequited and unrecognized, except in the great aggregate, a recognition which is, at best, the lot of such, in all ages and nations. They never dreamed of being rewarded with the posts of profit and honor which are the chief objects of a large portion of their most fulsome eulogists.

A registry law, designed to protect the State against fraudulent voting was passed by the last Legislature. This law the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has recently pronounced unconstitutional in some of its provisions. Judge Sharswood is, I believe, the only one of the justices who is opposed to such a statute in itself considered. This opposition to so wholesome an enactment is quite natural in his Honor—he is the only one of the judges who owes his seat to fraudulent votes.

The principal scene of the illegal voting, was, as usual, the mountain-region, and our Irish Roman Catholic brethren were the principal actors. During the first act, Father Tracy, an Irish priest, flitted hastily across the background, as is the manner of those who are engaged on criminal errands; then Casey, a witness before the Legislative Committee of Investigation was waylaid on his return homeward from Harrisburgh, and brutally murdered; then Father Tracy reappeared and acknowledged that he had given five hundred dollars hush-money to certain men who had voted illegally, in order to induce them to leave the State, hoping thereby to thwart all efforts to ferret out the facts in reference to the fraudulent ballots. The investigation proved, beyond a doubt, that Democrats, both of general and local notoriety, were engaged in this dirty and criminal business. Gov. Geary declared in a public speech, a few evenings since, that certain Democrats had waited on him privately, and begged him not to convene the Legislature as had been proposed, for the purpose of revising the registry law and passing it in a form which would obviate the objections of the Supreme Court, but that he had replied that he was fully determined to do everything in his power to secure all necessary safeguards of the purity of the ballot. Since the delivery of that speech, however, the tricksters of the party have apparently been laboring with his Excellency, and he *now* declares that he will not convene the Legislature for the purpose referred to, a refusal the more unpardonable as the majority of the judges, including one or two Democrats, have expressed their desire for the enactment of a statute of this kind.

There are probably few people, even within the limits of the State, who have any adequate conception of the character of a large portion of the population, which infests the mountainous parts of this Commonwealth, especially the mining region. While I am writing, twelve or fifteen hundred ruffians, nearly all foreigners, and principally Irishmen, are ranging through the coal-regions ordering the closing of all mines, founderies, furnaces, etc., which are not conducted in accordance with their enlightened views of what is proper, committing personal outrages not only on the immediate objects of their hatred, but indiscriminately on all travelers whom they happen to meet on the public highways. This is no new thing. A committee of gentlemen from Schuylkill County visited Gov. Geary winter before last, and declared to him that unless he sent a military force to their relief, they would at once take the law into their own hands, and execute summary justice on all the perpetrators of such outrages whom they could catch. But even this was not the beginning of the matter. I have the best authority for stating that the lives of the proprietors and agents of mining companies, etc., have for a quarter of a century been so insecure that such persons, and, indeed, all those who were known to carry money about them habitually, have been compelled to avoid all travel in those districts after dark, and even in broad daylight when their routes lay through lonely and unfrequented regions. The present outbreak is the most formidable which has occurred in Pennsylvania since the Southern students left the medical colleges in Philadelphia for their native wilds, and is, undoubtedly, a sympathetic movement on the part of the Pennsylvania Democrats responsive to the general uprising of "our Southern brethren," under the kind encouragement of Chase, Fessenden, Trumbull and their fellow-laborers, in the work of corrupting the sturdy North.

HOWARD W. GILBERT.

THE SECESSIONISTS IN THE FIELD—THEIR DESIGNS AND HOPES.

[From the N. Y. Times.]

IT is remarkable how quickly and audaciously the old secession and rebel leaders of the Southern States have sprung to the foreground since the nomination of Horatio Seymour.

Previous to that event, and ever since the destruction of the rebel Confederacy by the Union arms, they had either refrained from forcing themselves upon public attention in their old position of leaders, or they had come forward, in something like a becoming attitude, to exercise their influence with the people in favor of the recognition of the new order of things which had risen after the settlement of the pro-slavery struggle.

But now—and this is the thing to which we wish especially to call the attention of the loyal American people—we not only see these old-time Secessionists coming forward to resume their former places as leaders of affairs, but we see them coming forward to glorify the rebel cause, to vindicate its claims, to reassert its pretensions, to advocate its success and to proclaim their hopes of its triumphs.

This is the startling spectacle which we have witnessed during the last two or three weeks.

We have seen men bearing such ill-omened names as Wise, Toombs, Vance, Yerger, Semmes and Hampton, proclaiming to that remnant of the Southern people which did not fall bloody victims to their accursed rebellion, that, in the triumph of the Democracy, there is yet life for the "lost cause," and in the election of Seymour, there is hope for the detestable principles which, but three brief years ago, we supposed had been shot into political perdition by a million of American rifles.

We have seen the fire-eater Wise proclaiming publicly that seccession is not dead, but is waiting for the opportunity of its reassertion through the revolutionary party which has just taken the field. We have heard the fire-eater Toombs proclaiming the doctrine of nullification in the old fashion, uttering the same denunciations as of old with all the former bitterness, pouring his maledictions on the brave men who have saved the Union, and threatening to "resist to the death" the laws which establish political equality and freedom of suffrage throughout the South. We have seen the implacable secessionist Vance proclaiming that "what the Confederacy fought for would be won through the election of Seymour," We have seen "Chronometer" Semmes, of the Alabama, proclaiming at Mobile last Monday, at a Democratic ratification meeting, that he "had been a Democrat all his life—before the war, during the war, and since the war—and fought the war on the principles of Democracy, believing that the grand old Constitution which embodied these principles was about to be destroyed." And then, after this declaration that he had carried out his constitutional ideas on the pirate decks of the ship which the gallant Winslow sent to the bottom of the sea, we find him announcing on the same occasion: "And now, fellow-citizens, I have come here to declare that I have given in my allegiance, heart and soul, to the old flag, *provided* we can restore the old flag again to be the representative of the principles of the Constitution, which we will be able to effect by the election of Seymour and Blair." And still again, at the same meeting, he asserted that a Democratic success "will again reduce the negro to a subordinate position as the inferior race, and restore the white man to the government which belongs to him." We have seen Wade Hampton, the Carolina rebel leader, going round among the young men of the Virginia colleges, glorifying the rebel cause and reasserting its principles; we find him coming North here as a Democratic delegate to threaten renewed resistance and another rebellion if his unjustifiable claims are denied by the government; we find him in Baltimore, on Thursday last, reminding the Democratic Association of the time "When I was a soldier in the glorious army of Northern Virginia, and the sons of Maryland swept across the borders and again stood side by side with South Carolina in a great contest for liberty;" and we find him in the same speech, and almost in the same sentence, mingling the praises of the rebel Generals with the eulogies of Horatio Seymour, and the past triumphs of the Confederacy with the expected victories of the Democracy.

What has encouraged all the old Secession leaders of the South to come out and rush around in this way at the present time? What has led them to utter such language, to indulge in such hopes, to proclaim such schemes? Are they ignorant of what they are about? Are they talking without knowing what they say? Are they planning without understanding the ground they tread upon?

It is well that they have spoken, so as to warn the loyal people in time. It is the game of the more adroit and unprincipled Democratic leaders and organs in the North to practice deception in all these matters. They are loud in their Unionism and demonstrative in their loyalty; they speak much of what they did to put down the rebellion, and swear daily that they abhor secessionism. It is necessary to do this here; for they know that the American people have but to become aware of the tendency of their principles and the purposes of their party, to crush out the one and the other in such a way as they will never again be likely to pretend to an existence.

It is mortifying and humiliating to hear the language and see the pretensions and demonstrations of these old secession leaders. Hardly have they been compelled to surrender their arms before they are again assuming the airs of a dominant and domineering party. Hardly have we got through the work of quelling the rebellion before we see it again preparing for action. Hardly have we got through the sanguinary labor of crushing their cause and principles before they are again proclaimed as though they had never been seriously wounded.

It is evident that the loyal people of the country must rally at the polls to teach the Democratic party, and these secession leaders who look for it to carry out their schemes, a lesson even more severe than it got four years ago.

THE REAL DEMOCRATIC POLICY.

[From the Albany Evening Journal.]

THE Democratic Convention, in pursuance of the advice of the *World*, so far as Reconstruction is concerned, has adopted a meaningless platform, in order to render it easy for slippery Republicans to slide on its planks into the Democratic camp. In this view it is desirable to know just what is the real end the party will seek. Fortunately, there is no doubt on this point. We quote a few enunciations of their purpose, from representative organs:

We have before us a letter, published in Mobile, signed by C. C. Langdon, one of the Southern delegates in the Democratic National Convention, declaring that "The Democratic doctrine is that the reconstruction measures of the present Congress, and everything done under them, are unconstitutional, and of course, absolutely null and void. This declaration, I take it, will constitute the main plank in the Democratic platform, and whoever is nominated must pledge himself to stand by it and enforce it." Now "this declaration" is not in the Democratic platform; but it is part of the Democratic purpose nevertheless.

John Forsyth of the Mobile Register says, in an article echoing the same view: "Let the incoming Democratic Administration only agree to keep its hands off, and we will soon show which and what are the *de facto* governments in the Southern States."

The Montgomery (Ala.) *Mail* also avers that the effect of Democratic success in the Presidential election will be to declare that "This is a white man's Government, and that a foul iniquity, conceived in a party corruption, and brought forth in fraud and perfidy, shall not stand so long as a score of loyal arms can be raised to strike it to the dust."

Recently, the Detroit *Free Press*—the Democratic organ of Michigan—editorially declared that the Democratic party, if it obtains power, "will undo all that the traitorous and usurping Radical Congress has done in the matter of the Southern States." In a later issue it warned the United States military authorities and the Republicans that there may be "military demonstration on the part of an outraged people." And it significantly added a hint of rebellion against Gen. Grant's rule, in case the Democrats fail at the ballot box to prevent his ruling. It said: "The Nation is eminently peace-loving and sick of public disorders, but too manly and intelligent to yield its liberties, to the despotism sought to be established over it through the instrumentality of Grant."

The *New York World*, since being frightened out of its plea for letting the reconstructed States alone, has published a letter from a Philadelphia Democratic leader, which declares that, as "it will puzzle any lawyer to tell how, under the forms of law, to get rid of the State Government, of Arkansas," etc., "the remedy, it there be one, is outside of the forms of law, and it may be well to consider whether it should not be resorted to." The writer then declares that it "is a question not lightly to be answered" whether the Democrats should "use all the means which God and nature have put in their power" to carry out their schemes and that they "would be justified in doing so, if likely to be successful."

The Cincinnati *Inquirer* responds in behalf of the Pendleton section which controls the Convention in the following statement of points, upon which the Democracy of the country are said to be a unit:

"1. This was intended to be, and must always remain, a white man's government. None but white men must vote or hold office.

"2. Negro suffrage has been imposed upon the States of the South by gross and scandalous usurpation on the part of the Federal Government, and it cannot exist without a continuance of that Federal usurpation. The Democracy will not allow that continuance, but will leave the matter to be settled by the white voters of every State, and by no other people. It must be settled in the Southern States, as it is settled in the Northern, by the votes of the whites alone.

"3. Every means of coercion upon the white people, to force them to have negro suffrage, will be forthwith stopped and declared illegal, as soon as the Democrats are in power."

Further examination will show that these words are spoken deliberately. The same paper, in another issue, says the reconstruction laws cannot exist for any length of time after the withdrawal of the military; that new elections of members of Congress will then follow, and that a Democratic House of Representatives will recognize only such members as may have been elected under "legal State Constitutions," and by white voters.

The *Louisville Journal* predicts that in the event of a Democratic success, there will be Republican traitors enough in the Senate to give them the control of that body. Of course, after devising this easy way of carrying that body, its course is clear. It says:

"If this prediction turns out to be true, the next thing to be done is, by wiping out the Congressional governments of the Southern States, to guarantee to those States a Republican form of government, and when this is done, all will be done. The carpet bag Senators and Representatives will drop out of Congress as a natural consequence. Dead governments can have no living representatives. If, however, the Republican Senate should not "come to terms," but should by its obstinacy prevent the general government from executing the guarantee clause in favor of the Southern States, the next thing to be done is to try whether the Supreme Court, putting aside the Taney heresy, will not invalidate the Congressional governments of those States, thereby releasing the President from a nominal obligation to protect the tyrannical brood. If the Supreme Court fails to do this, the next thing is for the Democratic President, poising himself on his obligations under the Constitution and his discretion under the act of 1795, to withhold all protection from the Congressional governments, and let the legitimate governments, the suppressed governments of the people, rise to their legitimate authority. And they would be certain to rise. Nothing but the whole power of the whole government can keep them from rising."

These are but few of the many indications of the desperate ends the Democratic Party has in view. Is that what the people want?

THE ASHBURN MURDER.

TENTH DAY OF THE TRIAL—SOUTHERN SOCIETY.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 11th, 1868.

THURSDAY was mainly devoted to the testimony of a Miss Sheppard. The cross-examination was rigid and successful, throwing the witness frequently into the old *non mi ricordo* refuge. The young person of seventeen manifested an antagonism to the counsel for the prosecution more remarkable for its energy and fire than for its politeness. Repulsive glances of annihilating intent met every look of those gentlemen, and, in compassion to her sex, I will not report her stage *asides* and hissed-out ejaculations.

On conclusion yesterday morning of the reading and correction of the testimony, the young person in question paused at the door when about to retire, faced around, and gave Gov. Brown a look that would have been painful to behold on the countenance of any living creature, much less in one of her age and sex.

The performance was seen and remarked by every one in Court—counsel, witnesses, court, prisoners, and all. Many laughed outright, although it was indeed a sad spectacle.

The testimony of two more witnesses, Mrs. Moore (sister of the preceding witness) and Edward Sheppard, her brother, a youth of thirteen, who gave his testimony in a straightforward candid manner, corroborated many circumstances stated by the preceding witness as to the sickness in the family on the night of the Ashburn murder, his having the tooth-ache, getting something "to allay the pain, from Dr. Kirksreg, etc., etc. He (Dr. K.) has many calls at night to see patients; he was called at night to see patients more than once a week." Some of his statements, however, contradicted the testimony of other members of the family on the same subject.

Mrs. Moore's testimony covered very nearly the same ground as that of her mother. Her cross-examination materially affected her direct examination. Here is a remarkable passage in it, which I preferred not reporting until it should be read over in Court this morning, and be approved by Court, counsel, and the witness herself. As it is here given, so it is down on the record.

Question on cross-examination—When you state that you first heard of Ashburn's death and told it to the other members of the family, who do you mean by the other members of the family? A. I mean my mother, cousins, and sister, Mrs. Kirksreg.

Q. Did it create any excitement in the family? A. It did not. We all said we were glad he was dead.

Q. Did Mrs. K. and your mother join in that expression? A. We all did. I don't recollect about my mother's joining in, but I recollect the female members of the family delighting in his death—being glad to hear of it.

Q. Why were the female members of the family glad he was dead? A. Because he was a Radical.

Q. Did the female members of your family desire the death of all the Radicals?

[Here the defense, through Mr. Moses, objected to this question, but before the objection could be laid before the Commission, the witness answered "We do."]

Mr. Moses for the defense—Mrs. Moore, you have said that the ladies of your family were glad to hear the death of Ashburn, and that they desired the death of all the Radicals; you don't mean by a Radical, a person merely differing in political opinion with a Democrat? A. No; I mean a scalawag.

Q. Do you understand a scalawag to be a representative of a party who is endeavoring to excite ——

Judge Advocate to Moses—Don't be quite so leading.

Moses—I want to get at what she means.

Witness—I mean by scalawags, those who are trying to excite the negroes against us.

Moses—Are you or not apprehensive that the influence of the class of people whom you call scalawags may produce an insurrection in which women and children may be killed, and is it not to that class of persons you refer when you say you wish they were all dead?

Judge Advocate—I object to that question, being irrelevant.

Moses—I want to know how this animosity arises.

Here followed some discussion, and the question being put to witness, she answered, "It is." Just here it may be as well to report the answers of the sister, Miss Sheppard, to a question on some subject. The family referred to is the same spoken of by Mrs. Moore.

Q. When you heard of the death of Ashburn, did the incident create much excitement or talk in your family? A. No; it did not excite any; there was no great excitement; I don't remember any unusual excitement.

Eleventh day—Miss Wynne, a lady visitor at the Sheppard mansion, was examined, but nothing special elicited.

Then followed two witnesses—Arrington and Tucker—who swear, positively, to the presence of Duke in Merriweather County on the day of the murder of Ashburn, and the day following.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

ANOTHER THREAT OF WAR.

The Charleston Mercury, which probably did more than any other Southern journal to bring about the late war, and which is now a staunch supporter of Seymour and Blair, thus shows that another war will be commenced if its favorites are elected. Here is what it says:

Suppose, now, that the Democratic party carries the next Presidential election, and installs its President in the White House. Must they not, forthwith, proceed to undo the wrong, and restore the Constitution? Is this impossible? Why is it so? The Government of the United States used the army of the United States to elevate the negro to supremacy over the white man, in violation of the Constitution? What is there to prevent its being used to put the Southern States back to their original condition, of the supremacy of the white man over the negro, in vindication of the Constitution?

But it is said that the negro State governments can prohibit the white population from taking any steps to vindicate their supremacy or the supremacy of the Constitution. They can call on the President of the United States for assistance to enforce their unconstitutional rule, and the President is bound to obey under that clause of the Constitution which says: "The United States shall, on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive (when the Legislature cannot be convened), protect each State against *domestic violence.*"

"Domestic violence?" But the white population do not mean to institute "*domestic violence,*" They intend to assail no one, pretending or not pretending to authority within the Southern States. They mean peaceably to meet in convention, probably recommended by the legislators of their former legitimate State governments, and in such convention form a Constitution for the government of these States. The Dorrites, in 1842, did this without any question or molestation, when seeking to substitute a more popular government in Rhode Island than that existing under the charter of King Charles II. It is the rightful privilege of the people under the Constitution of the United States peaceably to assemble when they please, and for what purposes they please.

But it may be said that the negro governments in the Southern States will not permit the white population to assemble. They will assail them with violence. Suppose that this is done, does it afford any ground for their support by the military authority of the United States? Clearly not. A Democratic President would most probably answer, to any application to him by the negro governments for assistance: "In my opinion, your government in the first place is unconstitutional and revolutionary, and therefore I decline to recognize your application; and in the second place, you violate the Constitution of the United States in endeavoring by force to prevent peaceable assemblies by the people." Such an answer, in our judgment, would secure a peaceful progress of events. We do not think that the negro governments in the South will attempt, by their own power, to force their rule over the white population. Supposing that this will be the course of things, the white population will proceed to form a constitution and elect State officers and representatives to Congress. This can be done by the fourth of March next. Upon each branch of Congress then will devolve the responsibility of determining which are the legitimate governments of the Southern States, the negro government or the white man's government. This determination can be sought and be obtained before any contest is made in the Southern States at all, as to these governments. We know how it will be determined in Congress. The late protest by the Democratic members of Congress in the House of Representatives against the admission of the carpet-baggers from Arkansas, clearly indicates the course of the House of Representatives under Democratic control. The white men's representatives will be admitted. In the Senate it will be different; but a Democratic Executive will certainly regard the action of the House of Representatives as the controlling authority to determine his duty. If, after this, any "domestic violence" takes place in any of the Southern States, he will recognize the white men's government as entitled to his support by his intervention, if any is required.

But let us suppose that the negro governments shall lawlessly endeavor to prevent the peaceable assemblies of the white population to reorganize their government—what then? The white population is amply sufficient to protect themselves. All they want is that the government of the United States shall stand aloof. If the negroes are fools enough to attempt by their power to establish their supremacy over the white race in the Southern States, they can try it, but the trial will not likely last very long. We will have no objection to the government of the United States insisting on enforcing peace. In either way the white population will form a Republican government, and will send Representatives to Congress to represent the State, and Congress will settle which are the rightful governments in the Southern States according to the Constitution of the United States.

TYRRANY IN MISSISSIPPI.

FREEDMEN TURNED OUT OF PLACE FOR VOTING THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

THE following correspondence between a number of freedmen in Mississippi and Gen. Howard, shows how the Democrats expect to carry the Southern States and what sort of freedom they will leave the negroes if they have their way:

JACKSON, MISS., July 6th, 1868.

Gen. O. O. Howard, Com. B. R. F. & A. L., Washington, D. C.

Sir: We, the undersigned, citizens of the State of Mississippi, take this method to state to you that a large number of our fellow-citizens have been turned out of, and from their homes and employment, and without receiving any settlement or pay for services performed. The only reason given for this unexampled injustice and cruelties which have caused, and is the cause of great suffering and hardship among old and infirm, men, women, and children, who are dependent upon the able-bodied for support, is in exercising the right given them and us by a Congress of the United States, and voting as their conscience and judgment dictated, namely: voting for the Republican party.

In view of the foregoing facts, we most respectfully and earnestly petition your interposition in behalf of these sufferers, as will bring to all some sure and speedy relief. And, as in duty bound, your petitioners will ever pray.

Michael Harris, James Miller, Joshua Ellis, John Brown, Emerson Wright, James Patterson, W. H. Buddle, Lewis Disnag, George W. Poor, James James, James Peacher, Jack Linman, Alex. Penn, Fred. Graves, Nelson Pantells, Chas. Morgan, Lewis Adams, Stephen Spann, Robert Richards, Ben. Pettery, Jno. Berton, Isaac McVeran, Rampan Hamon, Daniel Crofferd, Polly Robertson, Richard Terrel, Alex. Banks, H. T. Fisher, Pompey Richards, Horea Woodruff, Sampson Hammond, Peter Mitchell, Willis Jones, Henry Skidmore, Frank Walker, John Tiption, George McBurnett, Alex. Williams, Davis Henry, Dan. Afford, Zedge Rodinson, James Robinson, Wm. Ward, Robert Sanderson, Jas. Ticknor, Alex. Spann, Steward Whyte, Buck William, John Bragan, Geo. Lockman, Long Barnes, Isaac Washington, Sam. Cornfield, Henry Wilington, Albert Randle, A. D. Hinnell, Sam. Donnell, P. Jones, Willis Canton, Wm. S. Snembin.

WAR DEPARTMENT, BUREAU OF REFUGEES, FREEDMEN, AND ABANDONED LANDS, WASHINGTON, July 17, 1868.

Messrs. Michael Harris, Thomas Miller, Joshua Ellis, and others.

Gentlemen: Your petition in behalf of freedmen in Mississippi, discharged by their employers for "voting as their conscience and judgment dictated," has been laid before me. I am happy to inform you that Gen. Gillem, Assistant Commissioner for Mississippi, has already reported that he is thoroughly investigating these complaints, and will enforce the proper remedy. Your petition will be at once referred to him, with instructions to do all in his power to relieve those who are suffering from the causes therein named. Very respectfully, your obedient servant. O. O. HOWARD.
Major-General, Commissioner.

TENNESSEE.

The Republican Banner—late a rebel, now a "Conservative" organ at Nashville—flies the Blair and Seymour flag exultingly, and threatens the Radical Unionists, now in power in that State, as follows:

"We weary of preaching peace when there is no peace, and we sicken at the details of official

crime and corruption that are practiced in the name of loyalty. We have long since despaired of any hope that the Radicals themselves would furnish the natural and only remedy for relief of the people. And now they tell us, that so far from exercising any effort on their part to keep the peace, to allay excitement, to heal the wounds of the past, that they will answer our appeals for truce and our clamors for peace, and our efforts to maintain law and order, by a repetition of the past proscriptive policy, with increased intensity in the future. It is upon this point especially that we deem it our duty to admonish them. If the Radicals are determined upon relentless warfare under the black flag of proscription, and no quarter—so let it be. If nothing but war will suffice—then let it come—war to the knife and the knife to the hilt, and damned be he who first cries hold, enough.

"We warn them, however, that if it does come, the long-suffering and patient disfranchised citizens of this State will not permit,so far as they are able to prevent it, that the poor, ignorant negro shall be made the scapegoat and catspaw, and shield of the viler miscreants who are pushing and urging him on from behind. If they are successful in precipitating the impending conflict of races, they may be very sure, that, so far as the white native citizens of this State may be compelled to take part in it, they will be very careful throughout the sanguinary carnival which would naturally ensue, to remember Fort Pillow, in acts as well as word, and

'Throughout the deadly conflict,
Seek the White man—not the Black!'

"We give these timely admonitions in the cause of humanity, and for no partisan effect. Humanity, not only to the white people but to the black, and even to those who least deserve it, the Radical instigators of the unwelcome feud which they would force upon the State for partisan purposes. We are not to be deterred from our real duty in the premises any longer by the threadbare cry of 'Rebels' and 'Ku-Klux-Klans,' and 'revolutionary sentiments,' and all the other interminable maudlin twaddle about loyalty with which, unhappily, they have been able, thus far, to successfully disguise the true situation from our American countrymen of the North. We claim to be as loyal as themselves, and several degrees above them in our adherence to the Union, the Constitution and the laws. The Ku-Klux-Klan, whatever that may be, or any other organization of similar import, may speak for themselves. We speak now in behalf of the quiet, law-abiding population of the State, who are intended to be struck down under the specious cry of Ku-Klux outrages, *et cetera*. If secret organizations exist, they are the natural offspring of the revolutionary times which Radical usurpation has brought about. The simple fact that such things exist is most eloquent of the rottenness of the mal-administration of the petty despot who wields the destinies of this State."

THE REAL LEADERS OF THE "DEMOCRACY."

(From the New York Tribune).

We get fresh proof every day that the real leaders of the present campaign, on the Democratic side, are the same men who led the Southern wing of the Democracy into the war, led it all through the war, and would like to lead it into another war, in case they should be defeated next November. Gen. Grant's adversaries now are the same he faced on the Rapidan and the James. Last week, Wade Hampton, fresh from his labors in New York in nominating a figure-head for the Presidential canvass, made a speech to the Democratic Association in Baltimore, and told his friends why Maryland was especially dear to the Southern heart. It was not that Maryland and Carolina stood side by side in the war of the Revolution, that the soldiers of De Kalb fought shoulder to shoulder with the troops of Marion and Sumter, and the best blood of Maryland was shed at Camden, and Cowpens, and Eutaw: "There are still warmer reasons," said the Rebel General, "Why I should make my acknowledgment, for I remember that when I was a soldier in the glorious army of Northern Virginia, the sons of Maryland swept across the borders, and again stood side by side with South Carolina in the great contest for liberty!" And Gen. Hampton plainly announces that this "great contest for liberty" is not over. The South has rested from the battle only to recover its breath, and submits for a while to the rule of the Republican majority, but because it believes that "to create trouble or raise riot would injure the Democratic party." From which it is fair to infer that as soon as the Democratic party has been placed by the November election either above or below the reach of injury, Gen. Hampton means to raid once more over the Northern fields, with the sword in one hand and the slave-whip in the other.

THE PIRATE SEMMES' INDORSEMENT.

Raphael Semmes was the first speaker at the Democratic meeting in Mobile, Ala., on Monday evening, to ratify the nomination of Seymour and Blair. He said that he was not prepared to make a speech. The notice of the meeting first caught his eye at his country place, and it induced him to come to the city and rejoice over the action of the great and glorious Democratic party. Subsequent to the war, when a great many of the Southern politicians were willing to compromise their principles for their love of office, he despaired of the country and kept himself aloof from politics. He had been a Democrat all his life—before the war, during the war, and since the war—fought the war on the principles of the Democracy, believing that the grand old Constitution which embodied these principles was about to be destroyed. Continuing, he said:

"There is really but one grand issue in this contest, and that is the restoration of these States to their proper places in the Union, with all their rights and privileges unimpaired. This issue will have the effect to drive from our midst the hordes of adventurers who have swarmed upon us like vultures, to eat up the substance of the people. This issue will again reduce the negro to a subordinate position as the inferior race, and restore the white man to the government which belongs to him. When you have settled this issue it will be time enough to talk about policy. It will be time enough to rid ourselves of the leprous army which has been fattening upon the wealth of the South. It will be time enough to settle questions of currency. It will be time enough to destroy the tariff and taxation under which the Nation has been groaning. And now, fellow-citizens, I have come here to declare that I have given in my allegiance, heart and soul, to the old flag, *provided* we can restore the old flag again to be the representative of the principles of the Constitution, which we will be able to effect by the election of Seymour and Blair."

SEYMOUR AND HIS "FRIENDS."

Five years ago this month—on Tuesday, July 14th, 1863—Horatio Seymour addressed the rioters in this city in these honeyed phrases:

"My Friends: I have come down here from the quiet of the country to see what was the difficulty, to learn what all this trouble was concerning the draft. Let me assure that I am your friend. (Uproarious cheering). You have been my friends—(cries of "Yes, yes!" "That's so!" "We are, and will be again!")—and now, I assure you, my fellow-citizens, that I am here to show you a test of my friendship. (Cheers). I wish to inform you that I have sent my Adjutant-General to Washington to confer with the authorities there, and to have this draft suspended and stopped. (Vociferous cheers). I ask you as good citizens to wait for his return; and I assure you that I will do all that I can to see that there is no inequality and no wrong done to any one. I wish you to take good care of all property as good citizens, and see that every person is safe. The safe-keeping of property and persons rests with you, and I charge you to disturb neither. It is your duty to maintain the good order of the city, and I know you will do it. I ask you to leave all to me now and I will see to your rights. Wait until my Adjutant return from Washington, and you shall be satisfied. Listen to me, and see that there is no harm done to persons or property, but retire peaceably."

This is an excellent campaign document. It needs no comment.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

HOW THE DEMOCRATS MAGNIFY ITS COST.

It will be seen by the following communication from Gen. O. O. Howard, that he sets at rest, most effectually, a statement as to the cost of the Freedmen's Bureau, out of which the Democracy hoped to make capital during the pending canvass:

War Department, Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands.
Washington, July 17th, 1868.

Hon. T. D. Eliot—*Dear Sir:* In the speech of the Hon. B. M. Boyer, of Pennsylvania, June 30, 1868, printed in *The Globe* July 15, there are many statements and inferences calculated to make a false impression respecting the expenses of the Freedmen's Bureau. By confusing *estimates* with actual expenditures, and by repeating both *costs* and *estimates*, he foots up amounts nearly four times the true sum. For instance, he gives Gen. Howard's estimate of the *probable* expenses for the year ending June 30, 1868, as $11,684,450, and says, "this estimate is much under the actual cost." This estimate was reduced to $6,944,450, which amount was appropriated by Congress. But the actual expenditure for all purposes during the same year was $2,970,459 97. A correct exhibit of the cash receipts and expenses is given in your report of March 10, 1868. This makes the total sum expended from the organization of the Bureau (including assumed accounts of Department of Freedmen's Affairs from January 1, 1865) to January 1, 1868, $5,955,888 49. This includes $500,000, Special Relief Fund, and $50,000 transferred to Agricultural Bureau. All receipts from rents of abandoned lands, sales of crops, taxes, fines, and all miscellaneous sources, are accounted for in this exhibit. All supplies furnished by the Quartermaster, Commissary, and Medical Departments, after July 1, 1866, were *charged* to the Bureau and *paid for* out of the appropriation. The supplies furnished previous to that date, not paid for, were: Quartermaster's property, $445,994 04. Medical Stores, $159,883 18. Commissary Stores, $1,724,911 50 Total, $2,330,788 72. Add amounts expended from appropriations, $5,955,888 49. Total, $8,286,677 21. Nothing can possibly be added, unless it be the pay of army officers on duty in the Bureau, who would have received the same pay had they not been detailed for this duty, which, according to Mr. Boyer's figures, amounted the first year to $541,194. Multiplied by three, this gives $1,623,582, though the number of officers serving now in the Bureau is only 147. Making the most liberal allowance, the total cost of the Bureau for three years has been $9,954,370 72; or per annum, $3,318,123 57 instead of over twelve millions annually, as stated by Mr. Boyer. A large part of these expenditures was for the benefit of Southern whites reduced to poverty by the Rebellion.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
O. O. Howard, Major-Gen. Commissioner.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1868.

SUFFRAGE.

In urging the colored man's claims to a place in Congress, we alluded to the notion that only educated men should be allowed to vote.

If we never taxed and never hung any but educated men this nation would have some plausibility. As long as ignorant men are hanged they have the right, through the ballot-box, to ask the reason why; and as long as you tax ignorant men personally, and in all they use, they naturally claim the right to say what shall be done with the money.

But apart from this, "educated suffrage," what is it? What educates a man? Certainly not books alone. Are Agassiz and Russell Lowell of any use in planning for the material prosperity of Massachusetts? Would you trust O'Connor or Evarts to guard the civil rights of citizens? What more ridiculous than a committee of College Presidents to superintend the legislation of New England! Yet these are all book-learned men, and good in their way. Of course we want educated men in office. But books do not educate men. Book-learning does not qualify a man for legislating, neither does manual labor disqualify him. Further, manual labor does not qualify, neither does book-learning disqualify men for such work. The search for legislative fitness is irrespective of both these accidents. We need a *disciplined* man. If he can have the help both of books and work it is best. But if he can have but one, work alone is infinitely more valuable than books alone. The hand that signs "Warrington" in the *Springfield Republican* will never win from Harvard College a Degree; but in practical value for a United State's Senatorship it would be worth the whole editorial staff of the *North American Review* with half the Professors of Harvard College thrown in.

We welcome, therefore, the disciplined representative of any class to Congress. If he represents an unpopular, peculiar and numerous class it is indispensable to have him in Congress. We can never legislate wisely or justly without him. Man has tried, for thousands of years to make laws for woman. If fair play and justice were possible in any case where one *class* or *section* made laws for another, surely in this case, it would have been secured. But the infamous codes of all Heathendom and Christendom too attest its impossibility. So with the Negro.

This whole subject of faith in the justice, wisdom and safety of our Republican theory is of immense importance as the years open before us. It is clear our danger is not to come, as our fathers feared and Europe expects, from the poor and the ignorant masses. On the contrary, our strength lies in them. The common-sense of mankind is a more trustworthy corner-stone than all the book-learning of the schools. There are nimbler wits found in the work-shops than in the schools. Our peril lies on the side of *Capital*—consolidated co-operating Capital. New Jersey is only a Railway station. The Legislature of Wisconsin bids fair to be only a Committee of the Northwestern Railroad. The belt of cities along central New York is only one bob to the kite of the New York Central Railroad. What are party lines in the presence of Vanderbilt and Drew united? Of what value is the United States Senate when its votes are dictated in Wall street and quoted there like any other stock in the list? As we look forward the peril is fearful. Where is the remedy? The remedy, as we think, is two-fold.

1st. Enlarge the numbers of legislative bodies. It is ten times easier to buy up forty Senators than it is to buy two hundred. Carefully select legislators from every class. Our Legislatures are too much made up of editors, lawyers and adventurers; all these are peculiarly purchasable. We need a greater variety of training and interests represented.

The tendency of the last thirty years has been to make Legislatures conveniently small. Witness Massachusetts surrendering her old town representation. We wish every State Legislature was one thousand strong and made up as promiscuously as a lecture audience.

2d. Inaugurate co-operative industry. Let the passengers and the employees own the railway. Let the operatives own the mill. Let the traders own the Bank. Make the interests of Capital and of the Community identical. In no other way shall we have free, self-government in this country.

We enlarge on this view, because in essence, the same great principle underlies the whole question. A negro in the Senate, a woman at the ballot-box, the *people* watching their own cause in Legislative Halls, and the great feud between Labor and Capital ended—all these are the same principle in different lights; all necessary steps toward the safety and success of our great experiment of self-government.

A man cannot be trusted to legislate for women; nor a white man for a negro; nor a crotchetty lawyer for the mechanic. Sherman and Fessenden can get, each one of them, places for a score of cousins and nephews in Custom Houses or the Washington Departments; where lucky youths, born with Senatorial silver spoons in their mouths, copy little books into big ones or verify a ship's register from ten o'clock in the morning till three or four o'clock in the afternoon. Five or six hours of mere clerk, routine work; salary from twelve to thirty hundred dollars. Here five or six hours make a government working day. No bad example in that, Mr. Sherman? No over-payment for the amount of services rendered, Mr. Fessenden? Though Clafflin or Stewart never allow *such* days to their routine clerks. Ah, but these clerks, you see, are Fessendens and Shermans. Let the mechanic outside the Custom House, or in the Navy Yard, ask that eight hours be his day—horrible! "What waste," cries Sherman. "What an example to other employments," whines Fessenden. "Shameful waste, paying more than market value for labor," chime in both lawyers; *conscientiously* scrupulous that no class but theirs shall live pensioners on the State. If ten mechanics from the Ship Yards and Navy Yards of the land had been sitting with them, the hair-splitters would have been ashamed to risk such balderdash, or never uttered it but once.

Wendell Phillips.

CONGRESS.

Congress adjourned on Monday last. It will take a recess till the twenty-first of September, to meet again at that time, if it is then deemed by members important, and Mr. Johnson will allow. It deserts the post of duty at a most critical hour. With the treasonable Executive unimpeached—Senators and Representatives had no right to leave the capitol. If weary with the burden of their responsibilities they could properly have resigned, and others equal to the emergency might have filled their places. To surrender the destinies of the Nation, without restraint, to the keeping of Mr. Johnson for two such important months is, under the circumstances, an inexcusable betrayal of their trust. Very noticeable has been the revival of the "Lost Cause" during the past month. The recent Rebel-Democratic Convention in the city furnished the opportunity for a union, and more efficient organization of the rebellious elements, North and South. No thoughtful observer of events and of the present temper of the Sham Democracy, can fail to see that danger ahead is imminent. The nomination of Seymour and Blair means, if it can be made victorious, the substantial triumph of the cause for which Davis and Lee fought. Davis, shielded from trial by Chief Justice Chase and Horace Greeley, and having practically reassumed his old leadership of the Democratic party, may well sail for Europe for a season of recreation and pleasure, and issue his general commands from abroad. A more faithful servant, in intention, he could not have in the White House than Andrew Johnson. A more skillful one in cunning, and quite as unscrupulous, would be Horatio Seymour. While Davis goes to Europe, having consummated a formidable reorganization of his friends and supporters, throughout the North and South, and put in nomination candidates after his own heart, the blacks and loyal whites of the South enter upon a new period of tribulation, and great additional peril, and are cruelly abandoned by Congress. Adjournment under such circumstances, is a blunder, worse than a crime. For the blood of the victims of the Democratic Ku-Klux murders, Senators and Representatives should be held to a strict accountability.

The criminal blunder may be atoned for in part by re-assembling in September, and promptly deposing Johnson. The votes of a large majority of Senators have already designated Wade as to-day the rightful occupant of the White House. There is now strength in the Senate sufficient to neutralize the treachery of Fessenden and Trumbull, and to impeach both a Chief-Justice and a President. Both should be done in an Autumn session.

We are not oblivious to the fact that Congress has had for a long time difficult and arduous labor. But found in the breach, it must, if not equal to the emergency, be held responsible for failure. Many things which it ought to have done have been left undone. Chief among them, besides impeachment, was the adoption of a Constitutional Amendment guaranteeing equal suffrage to colored citizens, North and South. To-day there are six hundred thousand disfranchised colored men in the Border States alone. In Connecticut, and a large majority of the Northern and Western States, colored men are similarly disfranchised. It is the boldly avowed purpose of the Rebel-Democratic party to overthrow by force, if necessary, the newly organized State governments in the South which recognize colored men as voters. The need of the measure we urge, is therefore apparent and paramount. We observe with great satisfaction that both for impeachment and a suffrage amendment, the votes of the new Southern members will probably assure a Radical triumph at the next meeting of Congress.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Mobile (Ala). *Nationalist* (Albert Griffen, Esq, Editor) reprints from week to week the Chicago Republican platform with the following very pertinent editorial note appended:

"We wish it distinctly understood that the *Nationalist* does not admit that "The question of suffrage in all the loyal States belongs to the people of those States." We shall continue in the future, as in the past, to urge the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, securing the ballot to every citizen of the United States."

This is a decided improvement upon the average of Northern Republicanism.

We invite attention to the appeal of the Woman's Suffrage Association of Washington for co-operation in the work of securing the extension of suffrage to the women of the District of Columbia. We hope the form of petition, which we print elsewhere, in connection with the appeal, may be extensively copied, circulated, and returned to Senators and Representatives, with large numbers of signatures; and that generous contributions will be made to the Association in aid of its work. The extension of suffrage to the women of the District of Columbia would be a valuable precedent, one which should, as it ultimately must, be universally adopted.

It is significant of the great expectations of the Democratic leaders, and of their implication in the original plot of secession that, as stated in our Pennsylvania letter, in "the opening of the will of the late ex-President Buchanan has disclosed the fact that he had invested largely in what are facetiously termed "Southern securities," but not a dollar in the bonds of the [Federal] government."

We print this week a carefully prepared statement of the claims of Mrs. Harriet Tubman upon the government for compensation for services rendered during the war. We commend this statement to the consideration of Senators and Representatives, and hope on the reassembling of Congress they will promptly do themselves the credit of paying a debt honestly due, for most valuable services, rendered by one of the most unselfish and heroic women who has lived since the days of Joan of Arc.

The recent accounts of the degradation of the Indians in California printed in The Standard and elsewhere, give a melancholy but, we fear, a truthful picture of the system of slavery which is rapidly being inaugurated in the agricultural and thinly settled districts of that State. From a recent article in the *N. Y. Tribune*, commenting upon the advices of its own correspondent, we take the following:

It appears that owing to the abject poverty, indolence, drunkenness, and propensity to gamble, steal, and murder which characterize the Indians, the unchastity of their women and the weakness of their parental affection, and equally to the desire of the whites to compel the helpless Indians to work as slaves rather than for wages, all the habits and vices of Slavery are developing into vigor in this supposed free State. Such statements deserve careful consideration, and the evils, if they exist, should be met by vigorous counteracting influences. Our Pacific coast is destined to be the asylum for hundreds of thousands of cheap laborers from India and China, whose labor will be of infinite value in supplying the demand arising throughout the country, and especially at the West, for cheaper labor, as well for manufactures as for agriculture, grazing, and mining. The Anglo-Saxon race will necessarily do the directing and thinking, and form the brain-power for this immigrant population, but the progress of both races will be vastly injured and retarded by allowing any germ of Slavery to gain a foothold. The subject is rapidly becoming one of National importance, and we hope the vigorous purpose of the Nation to maintain the freedom of its working clases, of whatever race or condition, will be vindicated in the Pacific States as well as at the South, and toward the Indian and Asiatic races as well as toward the American colored race.

PERSONAL.

Miss Kate Field is passing the summer at the Isle of Shoals.

Gail Hamilton, it is announced, will soon start for Europe, to be absent for a year.

The estate of the late Ira Aldrich, the colored tragedian, amounts to about eighty thousand dollars.

Gov. Brownlow's office at Nashville was crowded recently with negroes from Maury County, who had fled from there from fear of the Ku-Klux-Klan.

Charles Eliot Norton retires from his editorial position on the *North American Review*, to be succeeded by Professor Gurney of Harvard College.

Mr. Emerson is said to have made the remark that he has done a fair day's work, with his head, when he has written twenty lines that may be considered finished and creditable to his reputation.

Some one has recalled the pat verse in the "*New Gospel of Peace*:" And now of the Pahdees he was called Saymour, because he could Say more and mane less than any other man livin.

Mr. Edmund Quincy Putnam of Salem, Mass., for the past two years our occasional Foreign Correspondent, was married recently, in England, to Miss Gertrude Agnes, daughter of John Elliston, Esq., of Sydenham, near London.

Miss Carrie Richardson (colored) a normal student of Fisk University, who was teaching a school at Bell Buckle, on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, was warned by a company of the Klu-Klux on last Saturday night that she must leave the place, on penalty of being taken to the woods, stripped and whipped. She dismissed her school and fled to Nashville.

A gentleman present at the late declamation for prizes at Harvard College, where Mr. Greener, a colored man, took the first prize, writes us: "The first prize was to a mulatto; the second to a Jew. This last, with a vehement radical passage denouncing 'a white man's government,' the Committee were unanimous in. The mulatto and Jew were the only natural orators among the twenty candidates for prizes."

Another correspondent, writing of the prize recently awarded to Richard Theodore Greener, a colored student at Harvard, as a recognition of first class merit, says:

"In the present Sophomore class of Harvard University there is also a colored student named Emanuel Sullavon, from New Bedford, who is getting along very well and much respected by his class."

"At the dedication"—says the Boston *Advertiser*—"of the Eliot High School at Jamaica Plain on June 17th, Dr. Stedman in his remarks said:

"The name of 'Eliot High School House' has been given in memory of Rev. John Eliot, who died in 1690. And between that man and this High School there is a connection that few are aware of. On the 10th day of July, 1689, the Rev. John Eliot, it appears, executed a deed by which he conveyed seventy-five acres of land, in trust, 'To be used forever for the maintenance of a public school located at Jamaica on the Pond Plum for the teaching and the instruction of the children of that end of the town, together with such Negroes and Indians as may or shall come to said school.'"

A Teutonic friend contributes the following epitaph on

SHIEF YOOSTICE SHASE.

Ven I tinks wat now I is,
And vat I used to vas,
I tink I trowed myself away
Mitout sufficient cause.

PARTON ON TEMPERANCE.

Mr. Parton has discussed Alcohol in the *Atlantic*. He begins his article with an apology to the drinking public in the form of an ignorant and impertinent criticism of the Temperance movement. How universal this cowardice is in amateurs in all reform! We never saw one of these holiday gentry ascend the Anti-Slavery platform that his first act and word were not a bow and an apology to slaveholders for his daring to appear there.

Of course we could not presume to ask of these self-sufficient dilettanti that they should inform themselves of the method and grounds of a movement carried on, for forty years, by some of the ablest men on both sides the ocean. That would be too great condescension. We can only say if Mr. Parton's accounts of past times are as unfair and superficial as his statements respecting the Temperance movement his books can be of little value. Such ignorance can hardly result from non-acquaintance with temperance literature; since, in his medical and scientific discussion of Alcohol, he does not cite a fact or adduce a quotation that has not been familiar in temperance tracts for years. And these he uses in such a way as makes it evident that he took many of them second-hand from our pages. This is not only plagiarism but ingratitude, to sneer at his teachers.

If he can ever so far condescend as to attend one temperance meeting or read a temperance journal for one month, he will learn that this long, vigorous and successful effort has not been undertaken merely because Alcohol makes men sick. He will learn that while the Temperance movement has largely inspired this exhaustive medical and scientific investigation whose results he quotes, and been the chief, if not the sole agent in circulating those results broadcast over the world, bringing them within the easy reach of such slipshod chroniclers as himself, it has never rested its claims on any of them. Whether Alcohol be more or less injurious, whether it be food or poison we have not undertaken to settle. While stating our own opinions and furnishing those of leading scientific men, we have recognized the fact that on these points doctors differ. But we have *proved* that Alcohol produces four-fifths of the crime and four-fifths of the pauperism and gives cause for four-fifths of the taxation of our time. We have shown that while, for a thousand years, pulpits preached moderation and magistrates dallied with license, this state of things grew worse and worse. Leaving then science as incidental and medicine as an auxiliary monitor, we have called on Christian men to *try* the *fashion* of total abstinence, and on Legislatures to *try* prohibition as a remedy for this grave personal, social and civil evil. So far as the experiment has ever been made crime, pauperism and taxation have sunk more and more before this panacea. When, fifty years hence, the movement has grown reputable, some amateur Parton will make his bread by telling its success and how the cautious Partons of its day ignored and sneered at it.

Wendell Phillips.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, D. C., July 27th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

Congress this day took a recess until the third Monday in September next. Until that time President Johnson remains in uncontrolled mastership of the situation. That he will now at once enter upon the work of mischief-making no one doubts, and that Congress will in September assemble and remove him from office, is the opinion of many who voted in favor of the adjournment. That is the meaning of the reference of Mr. Hamilton's impeachment resolutions to the Judiciary Committee. It is understood that a committee will prepare articles of impeachment and have them ready for the September meeting.

The Southern members are sorely disappointed in not being able to prevent an adjournment. They fear trouble during the elections this summer, and think arms should have been distributed to the new State governments so as to enable them to maintain themselves against opposition from lawless rebel bands. It is rather singular that the moment the members from those States were admited to the floor of the House, Washburne and others should vote with copperheads to leave the city and prevent their being heard. But so it was, and the loyal South will be powerless for self-protection until September. They were heard in an almost united vote in favor of impeaching the great disturber of Southern peace, and in September next they will cause their demand in that direction to be heeded.

It is suggested that the States of Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, Florida and Arkansas choose Presidential electors by the Legislature, and postpone the election of the members of the XLIst Congress until February next. Such a proceeding would save a great deal of excitement and bloodshed and secure those States in favor of Grant and Colfax. While I am opposed to removing elections from the people, as a rule, I hope that course will in this instance be adopted. The Democracy are determined to overthrow the loyal governments. One such a proceeding will be the means of ensuring the election of a Republican President in the ensuing contest. The Legislatures of those States will do well to consider the propriety of the measure.

Charles E. Moss.

Washington, D. C., July 28th, 1868.

Mr. Johnson pays very little attention to the Tenure of Office Bill. He withholds commissions after parties have been confirmed, and no one well informed doubts but he will immediately remove all the Republican officers remaining in service. He claims that in his acquittal the Senate admitted the unconstitutionality of that Law, and his absolute and uncontrolled right over the appointment and removal of officers. And there is much truth in that claim.

The first batch of removals took place in the Quarter Masters' Department. Ninety-four men were discharged a day or two since, all Republicans and eighty-one honorably discharged soldiers; many of them crippled and maimed at that. The same course is to be pursued in each of the other departments.

The seven recreant Senators have secured some fourty important appointments since the trial of impeachment, and those men are better able to obtain appointments, than any Democrats however influential they may be. Nearly all the appointments are made in the interest of the Whiskey Ring, and nearly all the persons removed are honest capable officers.

If Congress does not meet in September and remove the President, the Whiskey and Indian Rings will have all the offices, and riot and blood shed will reign supreme throughout the recently rebellious States. It is the duty of the Republican party to secure peace and that can only be done by the removal of the President.

Charles E. Moss.

Our Boston Correspondence.

Boston, July 26th, 1868.

Last week, some elderly respectabilities of this city, as was natural, invited Mr. Charles Francis Adams, late Minister from the United States to England, to a meeting of compliment and congratulation: This was held in Horticultural Hall, and was conducted with the ceremonious decorum befitting both parties. The public were invited, but the attendance was small, and the enthusiasm not great. Mr. William Gray, the spokesman, made a neat eulogistic address, and Mr. Adams had the good taste to be very brief in his response, and the whole affair lasted only half-an-hour.

Our Public Library has been fitly adorned by a bust, in marble, of George Ticknor, Esq., the gift of gentlemen of this city who appreciate his eminent services, in the establishment, organization and management of that institution, his highly valuable labors as one of its Trustees for fourteen years, and his liberality in successive gifts to it, amounting to many thousand well selected volumes.

This bust, executed by Mr. Milmore, is not less admirable as a likeness and as a work of art than his bust of Mr. Charles Sumner, one of the best works of its class.

The curious physical phenomena which were the first manifestations of the system now known as "Spiritualism" seem, by dint of persistence, to be compelling the attention of thoughtful and scientific people. The opening article of the Atlantic Monthly for August gives careful and minute details in regard to a case of this sort, which is well worth reading, as it shows the spirit and method in which facts of this kind should be examined, and takes some intelligent steps in the process of inquiry whether electricity causes them. The author of this article complains, with much reason, that an application made to two learned professors of one of our educational institutions to take share, personally or by deputy, in the examination of facts so well authenticated and so remarkable, was treated with contemptuous neglect. It is discreditable to the teachers in our schools of learning and science, and especially to gentlemen of the medical profession, that they have so generally avoided prompt personal investigation of matters of this kind; but since a beginning of careful observation, by competent persons, has been made in various quarters we may hope that the subject will not be allowed to drop until a satisfactory solution is found.

The French Academy of Science have lately been called to consider some striking effects of electricity, brought before them by the eminent M. Becquerel, who has made this subject his special study. Only last month, a workman in Paris, going from his shop to his home during a severe thunder-storm, felt suddenly an oppression in his chest, and then fell, insensible. He was picked up and carried home, where search was made for his injury. No mark, not even a scratch, was found upon his body, but for two days following he was affected by violent trembling. Then his usual state of health returned, and the only mark remaining of the shock he had sustained was the abstraction of the nails from his heavy, hobnailed workman's boot, which was displayed by M. Becquerel to the Academy. Other members of the institution then stated similar facts. Gen. Morin said that at Charenton cannon balls piled in pyramidal heaps had been suddenly projected in every direction under the influence of electric fluid during the same thunder-storm. Marshal Vaillant related that a few years ago, in the Bois de Vincennes, a soldier was knocked down by the same fluid, his shoes dragged off his feet, all the nails of the said shoes having been extracted, as in the case of M. Becquerel's workman.

Our Metropolitan Railroad Company have lost fewer horses during the hot weather of this summer than in previous years, having had the good sense to order that they should go no faster than a walk in the hotter parts of the most oppressive days. I wish I could say also that they had consulted the comfort of both horses and passengers by ceasing to overload their cars. It is shocking to see the amount of indifference shown to the comfort, and welfare of horses by overloading and overdriving them in the sultry days of July and August. Of the foolish boys and vulgar men who think themselves honorably distinguished by attaining the utmost speed possible, perhaps no better is to be expected; and the same may be said of the brutal Irishmen and Irish boys who drive the poorer sort of dirt-carts, and who seem to think that frequent and excessive beating of the worn-out horses intrusted to them is the only way of doing their work properly; but how American teamsters, who ought to know how a horse can do his work best, as well as how much ought to be required of him, can continue the absurd and cruel practice of using a tight curb-rein while the horse is drawing a heavy load, and perhaps drawing it up hill, has always been a mystery to me.

The only useful purpose ever served by the curb-rein is in the case of a horse addicted to kicking. When a draught-horse has this fault, by all means let him be so restrained while the tendency lasts. But in cases where it is not needed for this reason it is improper and unjustifiable, because it prevents the horse from using his strength to the best advantage, keeps him in an uncomfortable position, interferes with his power of self-protection against flies, and substitutes a constrained and ungraceful attitude for his natural one. I am very glad to see the following direction, in a letter which Mr. Henry Bergh has caused to be published, containing suggestions as to the right treatment of horses: "Do away with all check-reins, as they impede respiration, interfere with the circulation, and distort the natural form of the neck and head." There are many other good suggestions in this letter, (first published in the *Times*, of your city), which I wish might be followed by those who have the care of horses. If *gentlemen* would attend to these matters in the case of horses kept for pleasure, this would be the surest way of causing similar precautions to be taken with working horses.

North.

HARRIET TUBMAN, OR "MOSES."

Sherwoods, Cayuga Co., N. Y., July, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

Many readers of The Standard have listened with wonder and admiration, in the Fugitive Slave Law days, to the thrilling tales of adventure of this remarkable woman, as she told them in private parlors, or places devoted to Anti-Slavery story, with the quiet undertone of one accustomed to "bated breath" for safety.

Nothing in the presence of this wonderful woman revealed the slumbering energies of her being, capable of such surpassing deeds of "self-sacrifice, daring and love," but the occasional flash of her dark eye lit up with humor, or kindling under the sense of wrong, and outrage, as she recounted passages of danger in bringing her people "out of the jaws of death, out from the mouth of hell." Then eloquent language fell from her tongue in touches of natural inspiration—and she could pronounce sentences of woe upon the slaveholder, as solemn, deep, and righteous as that of Jesus—

"Depart, ye cursed into the fire prepared for such."

What pen of genius will ever embalm in song or story, the noble heroism that flowered out in this lion-hearted woman, worthy of the brightest page of romance or chivalrous devotion? Maryland slaveholders offered $40,000 reward for her capture.

Harriet is now living in Auburn, much disabled from work, by injuries received at the hands of a brutal railroad conductor in New Jersey, who thrust her out of the car, when coming home at the close of the war, under the passport of a government ticket! She not only piously cares for her aged parents, but for the "strangers, hungry and naked," she has "taken in," and "ministered to," and adopted as her family.

She and her household have been kept from suffering want by the generous gifts of Wendell Phillips, Mrs. Seward, Gerritt Smith and others, who have known and honored her.

Miss Emily Howland has been instrumental in obtaining the following interesting statement and forwarding it to the proper department at Washington.

All of Harriet's friends will rejoice if it meets with the successful response it deserves, and she shall at last have the pay from government so justly her due, and be relieved from want, and anxiety.

Harriet is indebted to an Auburn friend—Charles P. Wood, Esq.—for this clear, fine, lawyer-like statement of her case.

C. F. P.

Harriet Tubman was sent to Hilton Head, she says in May 1862, at the suggestion of Gov. Andrew, with the idea that she would be a valuable person to operate within the enemy's lines in procuring information and scouts. She was forwarded by Col. Frank Howe, the Massachusetts State agent in New York, by the Government transport Atlantic; was sent up to Beaufort, attached to the Headquarters of Gen. Stevens, and rendered so much and very valuable service, acting as a spy within the enemy's lines and obtaining the services of the most valued escorts and pilots, in the government employ in the department.

Among the original papers in Harriet's possession is a list of the names of the scouts and pilots: "Peter Burns, Isaac Hayward, Mott Blake, Gabriel Cohen, Sandy Sethrs, George Chisholm, and Solomon Gregory," "pilots who know the channels of the rivers in this vicinity, and who acted as such in the service of Col. Montgomery up the Cambahie."

Endorsed { Charles Simmons. / Samuel Hayward.

Approved, R. Saxton, Brig. Gen.

Unconscious of the great value of the official documents she had from the several officers at different times, Harriet has lost some of them, and the first documentary proof we have of her service in the department of the South, is a pass issued by Gen. Hunter, a copy of which is hereto appended:

"Headquarters, Department of the South, Hilton Head, Port Royal, S. C., February 19, 1863.

"Pass the bearer H. Tubman to Beaufort and back to this place and wherever she wishes to go, and give her free passage at all times, on all government transports. Harriet was sent to me from Boston by Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts and is a most valuable woman.

"She has permission as a servant of the Government, to purchase such provisions from the Commissary as she may need.

"A. Hunter, Major General Commanding.
[Continued in force]. Q. A. Gilmore, Brig. Gen."

On July 6th 1863, Col. Montgomery wrote as follows:

"Headquarters Colored Brigade, St. Helena Island, July 6th 1863.

"*Brig. Gen. Gilmore, Commanding, Department of the South.*

"General: I wish to commend to your attention Mrs Harriet Tubman, a most remarkable woman, and invaluable as a scout. I have been acquainted with her character and actions for several years.

"Walter D. Plowden is a man of tried courage, and can be made highly useful.

"I am, General, Your most obedient servant,

"James Montgomery, Col. Com. Beaufort, S. C."

On the back is endorsed:

"I approve of Col. Montgomery's estimate of the value of Harriet Tubman's services.

"R. Saxton, Brig. Gen."

From the annexed copy of an original paper in Harriet's possession we find that she was still rendering valuable serv ices at Beaufort:

Beaufort, S. C., May 3d, 1864.

From Surgeon Durant.

"I certify that I have been acquainted with Harriet Tubman for nearly two years, and my position as medical officer in charge of "contrabands" in this town and in hospitals has given me frequent and ample opportuuity to observe her general deportment, particularly her kindness to the sick and suffering of her own race. I take much pleasure in testifying hereby to the esteem in which she is generally held.

"Henry R. Durant,
Act. Ass't. Surgeon, U. S. A."

The month of January or February, 1865, she came North, on leave of absence to see her aged parents, residing in this city. She was taken sick, and so failed to return to New York City within the time specified in her leave, and for that reason was refused return transportation to Hilton Head. To remedy this difficulty, she went to Washington, and on representing her case at the War Department she was promptly furnished with the following:

Washington, March 20th, 1865.

"*To Brevet Brig. Gen. Van Blunt, U. S. Q. M.*

"Pass Mrs. Harriet Tubman (colored) to Hilton Head, Charleston, S. C., with free transportation on a government transport. By order of the Secretary of War.

(Signed)

Louis H. Pelonge, Ass't. Adj't.-Gen.

Returning with the intention of embarking at New York, she was intercepted in Philadelphia by some members of the Sanitary Commission, who persuaded her to go instead to the James River Hospitals, where there was pressing need of such service as she could give in the government hospitals; and relinquishing her plan of returning to the Department of the South, without a thought as to the unfortunate pecuniary result of this irregular proceeding, she went to the hospitals on the James River and at Fortress Monroe, where she remained until July, 1865. In that month she went to Washington again to advise the government of some dreadful abuses existing in one or more of the hospitals there, and so great was the confidence of some officers of the government in her, that Surgeon General Barnes directed that she be appointed "Nurse or Matron" as appears by the following copy of an original paper in her possession:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"To Hon. Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State.

"I have the honor to inform you that the Medical Director, Department of Virginia, has been instructed to appoint Harriet Tubman nurse or matron at the colored hospital, Fortress Monroe.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"J. W. BARNES, Surgeon-General."

And with the following pass she returned to Fortress Monroe:

"No. 663. WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 22d, 1865.

"Permit Harriet Tubman to proceed to Fortress Monroe on a government transport free of cost. By order of the Secretary of War. (Signed),

"L. H. PELONGE, Ass't. Adj't.-Gen."

It does not appear that she received the appointment above indicated, and soon after this date she returned to Washington and thence home, to devote herself, since the country's need had ceased, to her aged father and mother, who still survive at a very advanced age, entirely dependent on her.

During this service of more than three years, Harriet states that she received from the government only two hundred dollars ($200) of pay. This was paid her at or near Beaufort, and with characteristic indifference to self, she immediately devoted that sum to the erection of a wash-house, in which she spent a portion of her time in teaching the freed women to do washing, to aid in supporting themselves, instead of depending wholly on government aid. During her absence with an important expedition in Florida, this wash-house was destroyed, or appropriated by a regiment of troops fresh from the North, to make shelter for themselves, but without any compensation whatever to Harriet.

When she first went to Beaufort she was allowed to share rations, as an officer or soldier; but the freed people becoming jealous of this privilege accorded her, she voluntarily relinquished this right and thereafter supplied her personal wants by selling pies and root-beer, which she made during the evenings and nights, when not engaged in important service for the government.

The value and extent of Harriet's services to the government seems to be sufficiently attested by the papers, copies of which and originals are herewith now in her possession. But Gen. Saxton certifies more explicitly and under later date, as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS THIRD MILITARY DISTRICT,
CHIEF QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE,
ATLANTA, GA., March 21st, 1868.

"To Mrs. Mary Darby, Auburn, N. Y.

"DEAR MADAM: I have just received your letter in regard to Harriet Tubman. I can bear witness to the value of her services rendered in the Union army during the late war in South Carolina and Florida. She was employed in the hospitals, and as a spy, she made many a raid inside the enemy's lines, displaying remarkable courage, zeal, and fidelity.

"She was employed by Gen. Hunter and I think both by Gens. Stevens and Sherman, and is as deserving of a pension from the government for her services as any other of its faithful servants. (Signed)

"Very truly, yours, RUFUS SAXTON,
Brevet Brig.-Gen. U. S. A."

When in Washington in July, 1865, Harriet was in need of money and applied to Mr. Secretary Seward to present her claim to the proper Department. Gen. Hunter being then in Washington, Mr. Seward referred the matter to him in a note of which the annexed is a copy:

"WASHINGTON, July 25th, 1865.

"Major-General Hunter:

"MY DEAR SIR: Harriet Tubman, a colored woman, has been nursing our soldiers during nearly all the war. She believes she has claims for services to the command in South Carolina with which you are connected, and she thinks that you would be disposed to see her claim justly settled.

"I have known her long as a noble high spirit, as true as seldom dwells in the human form. I commend her therefore to your kind attentions.

"Faithfully your friend,
W. H. SEWARD."

But no pay whatever was obtained, and another attempt has been made since, I believe, with the same result. This letter of Mr. Seward shows the estimate of Harriet Tubman by all who know her. She is known throughout this State and New England, as an honest, earnest and most self-sacrificing woman.

The substance of this statement has been obtained from her lips, and in making it up I have before me the original papers in her possession, which are copied.

That Harriet is entitled to several thousands of dollars pay there can be no shadow of doubt. The only difficulty seems to lie in the facts that she held no commission, and has not, in the regular way and at the proper times and places, made proof and application of and for her just compensation.

On such certificates as she holds she should have it without further delay. CHARLES P. WOOD.

AUBURN, N. Y., June 1st, 1868.

LETTER FROM MISS PUTNAM.

SHERWOODS, CAYUGA CO., N. Y., July 13th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

You whose daily work, and hourly thought it is, to advance the great cause of equal justice, will rejoice to hear of any impulse given to the mighty wave bearing us onward to the only safe haven of National peace and prosperity. The Republican press of your metropolis (of which the country papers are but echoes) is now engrossed with the election campaign, a good deal in the old clap-trap style, to the exclusion of this important question. In this State, where the colored man's equal suffrage is pending, every word to secure the right, is too precious to be lost. To any mind intent on this goal of justice to the black man, it is a rare refreshment to listen to the earnest and eloquent speeches of Charles L. Remond with which we have been favored in this place and community. His word, (and if it were possible *presence*) is indispensable in every town, village and by-way—and while listening to his stirring appeals to reason and conviction, we feel how valuable it would be, multiplied a thousand-fold in this great Empire State, to save it from the shock of another war, towards which we may be going straight on, as blindly as before 1861. Providence gave us a respite from the murderous administration, to our colored citizens, of Gov. Seymour, through the intervention of a few thousand black men's votes.

Many years ago, Hon. Gerrit Smith's great wealth and goodness bestowed titles of land upon *three thousand* colored men which have made them voters by the property qualification ever since. Governor Fenton's two terms have not been gratefully used to secure the ballot without distinction of color; and it will not be far from a just retribution if New York takes her share of danger and misfortune with the Nation under Horatio Seymour as President.

As the great gatherings of the people for the rest of the summer will be in behalf of Grant's election, perhaps Mr. Remond will choose as his best opportunity to work—to speak in the campaign meetings at the invitation of Anti-Slavery Republicans; always demanding the franchise so wickedly withheld from any man because of his color. Mr. Remond will be welcomed heartily among the people he has visited, and will do immense good at this crisis, if his voice can reach the conscience of the people.

A North Carolina teacher just returned from the freedmen, was present at our meeting here, and full of interest in Mr. Remond's subject—said it struck her with fresh surprise, and as a most outrageous wrong that colored men were not allowed to vote in her native State. Yours truly,

C. F. P.

[For the Standard.]

AN OLD HARP'S REVELATIONS.

ONE summer eve, (on parlor couch reclining,
The room half lighted by the rising moon,)
I had a dream! With symphonies repining,
Our old Harp, in the corner, hymned a tune!
No hand was seen to move its stricken wires!
No form sat near it as in days of old;
The strings seemed lighted by electric fires!
It sighed as if it would a tale unfold.
And thus it murmured: Ah! The good old time
When I was all athrill! making these rooms resound
While grace and beauty touched me with a chime,
And patriots, intellects, sages gathered round!
I well remember all the good and great
Who listened to me then: and, grander yet,
As if to make my honors culminate—
GEORGE WASHINGTON! and, also, LA FAYETTE!
Then there was Bowdoin, Barlow, Winthrop, Gen. Knox,
Adams, and Franklin—all, now, passed away,
Men of integrity, who stood like rocks
Amid the storms which gathered round *their* day.
Ah, those *were* times, indeed, when all of rank
Was in a loyal purpose, staunch and true;
When men *were* men with principle so frank
That what they *promised* they were sure to *do!*
When patriot purpose meant a breadth of aim,
And "love of country" (more than a pretence)
Rebuked self-seeking, while it put to shame
All low ambitions by plain common sense!
When "our dear country's good" was something more
Than mean self-seeking or an earthly greed,
And "common weal" had *wings* wherewith to soar
Beyond the nest of a mere personal meed!
But all of that has passed! By Heaven's behest
The hand that swept these chords is quiet now
Within the grave, or, finds still better zest
On *Heaven's* harpsicords! While, on the brow
Of her who once inspired me is a wreath
More noble, roseate, fragrant than all other,
With *this* inscription circling underneath,
A faithful, earnest, and devoted mother!
For, if, as erst, Napoleon used to say
"Good mothers form the safety of a State,"
We well may wish, while we sincerely pray
That such condition more may culminate.
"God save," say we, our suffering "common-wealth,"
God grant us Peace by other means than guns,
And haste the time of our completer health,
Whether by fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, sons.

Boston, July 27th, 1868. S.

"THE DIM RELIGIOUS LIGHT."

THE "First Church Society" of Boston, in Berkley street, has prayed. It was for a remission of the duties on some painted glass windows which the Church wanted for obscuring its interior, with a hope to imitate, in a box, the effect that belongs to a Cathedral.

Religious be, but dim at any rate,
Truth needs the rouge upon her naked beauty:
Alas, too many churches in the State
Already have their light exempt from Duty.

Oh Churches, if the light within you be
But darkness tinted up by Scripture story!
Ye crave a light subdued—what mockery!
A light triumphant is the church's glory.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

To the Friends of Equal Rights throughout the Country:

THE District of Columbia is the ground where Congress tries experiments in the direction of larger liberty.

There they first freed the (three thousand) slaves.

There they first enfranchised the (eight thousand) black men.

These experiments having gloriously succeeded, it is time to try a grander experiment of freedom, the enfranchisement of (twenty-five thousand) women.

At the next session of Congress the whole government of the District will come up for revision.

At that time no political or constitutional objections to widening the suffrage there will exist. The subject can be considered on its merits.

To present those merits properly requires effort and money.

The effort throughout the country should be to send on petitions. As many signatures as possible should be procured to them, and they should be mailed (with "Petition" plainly marked on the outside, and the number of signatures of men and of women, separately noted on the edge of each) to Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, 394 North Capitol street, or to Prof. J. H. H. Willcox, Ebbitt House, Washington, D. C., who will acknowledge their receipts and attend to their presentation.

Money is also greatly needed, with which to circulate petitions and documents, hold meetings, and employ competent lecturers. Donations sent to Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, or to Dr. Daniel Breed, Treasurer, Washington, D. C., will be promptly acknowledged.

Friends! the turning-point of the battle is the District! Mass your forces there!

FORM OF PETITION.

To the Congress of the United States:

The undersigned residents of ——, in the County of ——, and State of ——, respectfully petition that in your revision of the government of the District of Columbia you will protect the women of the District from being debarred the exercise of their right of suffrage.

Women's names should appear in distinct columns.

THE BOSTON WORKING MEN ON THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW.

AT a meeting of the Boston Workingmen's Institute, held July 21st, the following resolves were passed by a unanimous vote:

Resolved, That we hail the passage of a law by Congress applying the Eight-Hour system to all labor performed by the National Government, as one of the most important contributions to the cause of Labor Reform, and a more equal distribution of wealth than has ever been accomplished without a resort to violence and bloodshed.

Resolved, That the thanks of workingmen and women, and poor people everywhere, are due to the Hon. Henry Wilson for the positive and efficient part taken by him to secure the Eight-Hour system for national employés; while to Senator Sumner, who voted against that coming system, we return our indignant protest that he has made a most terrible mistake, which, in the light of his great natural gifts and Anti-Slavery career, makes him far more criminal than the ignorant workingman who, while struggling to lessen his daily hours of toil, was willing to vote Slavery for Black laborers at the South.

Resolved, That the first and great fallacy, which will soon be exploded by employing a few thousand laborers and mechanics on the Eight-Hour system, will be that which is still taught by many claiming to understand political economy, and thoughtlessly accepted by the masses generally—that, if the Eight-Hour system prevails, there must of necessity, and in justice to employers, occur *a corresponding reduction of wages!* as all attempts by government agents to secure labor at less than the so-called "ten-hour" rates will prove, in the long run, an utter failure; and our word now to all concerned is: "Gentlemen, try this experiment if you dare! for there is a great natural law which governs wages, stronger than you or we!"

Resolved, That the idea of a twenty per cent. reduction proceeds upon the fallacy that we are now *paid*, in the ten-hour system, for doing ten hours' work; whereas we are not! for, if we were, there could be no rich men, and the Peabodys, Astors, Stewarts, and Belmonts, in the present social system, would not be possible.

Resolved, That, while no one can tell exactly what proportion of our real earnings we now receive, that we know they are far short of eight-tenths, and probably of six-tenths; and that, if the eight-hour system should reduce production one-fifth—which it will not—we shall still earn far more than we now receive, after making the most liberal allowance for every legitimate expense; and those who still insist upon our giving ten hours' labor for seven or six or five hours' pay, are bound in honor to say whether, as the hours of labor grow more and more valuable and productive through labor-saving inventions, there will ever be a time when this selfish and swindling system will come to an end and our hours of labor be reduced.

LETTER FROM DR. CADIEUX.

UTICA, N. Y., July, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I HAVE received several numbers of your paper. I have read them, every line of them with a sensible pleasure, in this country where the press is appreciated to its full extent. Here where the people thoroughly understand that the press is the greatest lever of civilization, the Paladium of our liberties, it is surprising that papers like the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD are not more numerous. We have many brave and noble writers, but not enough of *really free* and progressive editors. Let us hope that events will multiply them.

It was thought, aye, it was said that, after the fratricidal strife which caused the final abolition of that horrible black crime—the direct slavery of man in the United States—THE STANDARD, the Anti-Slavery Association, and Anti-Slavery hosts would have nought to do but rejoice over the great victory, and contemplate, in rest, the beautiful work accomplished. But no; such men, such associations, such philanthropists, though thrice happy to have obtained such a triumph over the agents of evil have not relented their march of progress. And, I feel assured, they will not cease to battle against the constant invading enemy of mankind—the dark and multiform agents of sorrow who are incessantly corrupting men to destroy them the better.

The slave's auction block has disappeared from the United States. The legal lashes tear to shreds no more the human form. The Southern swamps echo no more with the yells of the hunter of human flesh. No longer do the tracks of blood indicate that a poor helpless fugitive woman has been pursued by blood hounds rendered furious *by their masters.* And, Oh! may God be thanked that such horrors are no longer seen or known to exist in the land of Washington. But, is there no slavery in other forms still existing? Yes, there is the social, as the present political slavery which we must resist, which we must contest incessantly, to which no quarter must be given, and which we must pursue until it ceases to torment poor suffering humanity.

The political slavery of which I speak is the fanatical blindness with which men—so-called statesmen—would surrender every right, give every privilege to the conquered but not repentant rebels. These rebels who for years refused to listen to our prayers for reason, who were deaf to our entreaties, and who, without mercy or human feeling, waged the most ferocious war upon us for four long years; and now ask sympathy from the government which they tried to destroy; like the Patricide who would ask clemency of a jury on the ground that he is an orphan. Let the repentant rebel be treated with kindness, but unless we are prudent, it is evident, the admirers of "the lost cause" *will try all the issues left opened*, and we, must not be surprised if we are encircled again by the deadly folds of the serpent with its glaring eyes, and poisonous fangs in our face.

The American people were taken by surprise in 1861. What calamities could have been avoided if we had not been so confiding. Have not those years of horrors been a sufficient lesson. Must we re-enter again into the valley of death. Let us then avoid the danger—the cause which will certainly sweep us into another whirlpool. There is no telling where those incensed Southerners may go. The wind that blew *through* their idolized slave-power has rendered them mad. Like the inmates of insane asylums, they should be treated kindly in common with the rest of mankind, but they have proved so dangerous even to themselves that it is not only prudent, but charitable that they should be watched.

Have I exaggerated? It may be said: "but it is impossible that these conquered rebels should ever get in their heads the idea of making another attempt upon the country." Here are facts. Look at the last so-called "Democratic" Convention. Who gathered there? One could count *rebels by the dozens* in that Assembly—and of the *most dangerous because of their cunning*; the motley associates of Jefferson Davis and the supporters of the wild man of the White House. The boldness, the effrontery of the members of the late Democratic Convention were only equalled by the political, the terrible crimes they have committed during the days of terror which they inaugurated at Fort Sumter. Socially speaking, have we nothing to do? Yes, much, very much. There is another kind of slavery which is no less hideous than the phscial slavery—it is the moral—the mental slavery.

Is the liberty we possess always understood? Is it the power to enjoy wealth, health and pleasure without regard of the same enjoyments by others or at their detriment—as it is unfortunately often done—so cruelly done? No! True liberty is the power to exercise our intellectual and physical faculties provided that they are so exercised for the welfare of humanity at large. It is only when the great majority of people all agree upon the formula of their rights, and have a common wish to realize and maintain them, that revolution triumphs and the Democratic Republic is established in a durable manner.

The duty of all revolutionists, of all partizans of the Democratic Republic is to seek *for a declaration of the rights of man so construed as to be a formula of justice for all.* We should clearly see that justice consists to do unto others as we wish others to do unto us—*to respect their rights as our own.* That whomsoever practices justice practices also fraternity. It is said that the imprescriptible and natural rights of man are Life, Liberty, labor, property, instruction, security, research of happiness, resistance to oppression and all other rights that general opinion considers as logical consequences of those principal rights. Are these precepts understood or practiced? Not always.

Labor only can create good things, useful or necessary to human life, which constitute wealth. A man must desire to work inasmuch as he desires a greater part of riches, and, labor giving him the true measure of his need, he has, consequently, the right to enjoy a certain part of that wealth.

To be just, law must determine the value of the labor of each one, assign and secure to each one a part of proportional wealth to the value of his labor. Consequently, a political association in which the right of man to labor, and the enjoyment and possession of wealth legally proportional to the value of that labor is not guaranteed nor maintained by the law, is not a Democratic Republic, is not a society in accordance with justice. It follows, therefore, that all institutions which attack equality of rights and liberty should be abolished. That no part of a people, no individual, can have a privilege whatsoever, nor be exempted from obedience to law; that the law must not recognize any submission nor engagement contrary to a right whatsoever; that whosoever executes an order contrary to his own rights or those of others is a slave or a vile mercenary. That whosoever appropriates to himself a greater part of wealth than becomes due to him from his labor is a thief. Nay, any one who by the result of the labor of another makes twenty dollars, and pays for that work only two dollars, is a knave who robs an imbecile.

An autocrat of a tavern or workshop is no more legitimate than an autocrat of a palace or castle; and to humiliate one's self at his words, or crawl at his commands for the sake of gold is no less disgraceful than to cringe under the whip of an hospodar or the sceptre of a tyrant. It is under the grasp of these hard-hearted and avaricious petty tyrants that the poor workingmen and women suffer horribly. And *while these ignorant aping aristocrats are beastly drunk with materialism, giving sway to all their brutal passions, the attics and cellars of large cities are filled with emaciated beings who are so exhausted by their hard and long day's labor that they cannot sleep, and their scanty wages have not permitted them to appease their hunger.* It is while the poor haggard looking consumptive seamstress is bent over her needle in a poorly-ventilated crowded room, preparing the fine fallacies to cover the beautiful shoulders of some "fine" fair ladies; that the latter are palpitating with anxious expectations and anticipations of the next ball, the brilliant assemblage of the "flower of society," and "much fatigued" from the reading of the "last sensation," or the previous night's engagements, they recline with nonchalence upon their divan in the paradise boudoir, never thinking for a moment of the poor and the lonely. Aye! it is when a poor miserable woman, who has been tracked by the seducer, and who in a moment of intense sorrow and suffering hoped no longer in God, and fell for the sake of bread, or stimulated by the examples of her more fortunate sisters in the world of fashion, which her beauty wishes to follow, sold her all for gold. It is when a kind word of cheer and encouragement could have saved her, that she is abandoned, and it is most always the terrible fact that the "flower of society" will, on meeting such a woman, gather the ample folds of her dress, lest it should touch the Pariah, and pass on to church with a toss of the head and the scorn such as women only can give. Such is the social slavery which should, which must be abolished.

In the noble words of Victor Hugo in his preface of the greatest work ever written—"Les Miserables"—I will say that, "So long as there shall exist, through the operation of laws and of manners, a social condemnation artificially creating hell on earth, in the full light of civilization, and complicating with a human fatality the destiny which is divine; so long as the three problems of the age, the degradation of man by beggary, the ruin of women by starvation, the wasting away of children by moral darkness shall not be sacred, so long as, in certain regions, social asphyxia shall be possible; in other words, and from a more extended point of view, so long as ignorance and misery shall exist," Papers and Advocates like THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD will not only be very useful but are *needed.* Let the Philanthropists be encouraged by the support of the masses for whom they toil incessantly, and the good God will bless them with success.

DR. J. W. CADIEUX.

LITERARY.

The Herald of Health for August contains the third of a series of articles on "Rearing Children." It is by Mrs. E. Oakes Smith. The first of this series, by Mrs. Horace Mann, published in June, and the second in the July number, by Grace Greenwood, have attracted much attention. The present number has a long list of instructive articles on a variety of topics. Mrs. Frances D. Gage contributes an excellent one, entitled

WOMAN'S SPHERE AND DUTY.

She says:

"There is an immense deal of twaddle, mixed with infinitesimal doses of common sense garnishing the columns of our newspapers at the present time, on the important topic of Woman's 'Sphere' and Woman's Duty.

"There is no denying that women constitute one-half the human race, nor can the fixed fact ever be ignored that she must be the mother of every man and woman. Maternity belongs to her of necessity; but when the assertion is made that home is the sphere of woman; that housekeeping is her true employment: that to be a good mother and a good wife, to dispense charities, take care of the poor, mould social organizations, and keep men in morals is the true and only sphere and duty of woman, it will be received as only partially a truth and not at all calculated to settle the vexed question.

"There is no effect without a cause, and that women are discontented with the old ways, and aspiring for something new, if not better, can not be denied; for, as the famous old black woman, Sojourner Truth, once said in a convention, 'Whar thar's so much racket in the waggin, thar must be something out o' kilter.'

"Whoso will give a wise solution of the present discontents, will surely confer a great favor. To simply blame women that they wish to be preachers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, and mechanics; that they wish to vote, and to be free and independent, will not mend matters. No amount of scoldings will drive them from the public thoroughfares, back into parlors, nurseries, and kitchens, if they do not desire to go there.

"You may tell them until doomsday that it was another Eve's sin that brought 'death into the world and all our woe.' They will probably only retort that woman, being God's last best work, after He had pronounced all the rest good, was endowed with power to assert her free agency and turn God's good world upside down in her infantile ignorance, and that man, having had all the power in his hands ever since, has not yet been able to turn it back again; and they will tell you also, that if you will give the wives and mothers education and equality before the laws, and the right to the ballot, they will in due time bring order out of chaos, and put all things back to their original state of Eden purity and bliss.

"But after all, is there not a plummet of truth by which the mystery of this state of feeling may be sounded, and an understanding of its causes be obtained? * * *

"Shall we expect the daughters of such men never to feel the father's spirit stirring within them? Does not every father leave the impress of some quality, mental or physical, upon his daughters as well as upon his sons; and will he not imbue them with his spirit also?

"Can we wonder at the desire of American women to move onward and upward, while men annihilate time and space, and scale the skies and startle the universe with their activity? 'But,' you cry, shocked and alarmed, 'shall we have no wives and mothers, no housekeepers?'

"Surely we shall, my dear friends. Open all doors, remove all bars, take off all gyves. No act of man can destroy the work of God, and woman will always be woman and God's last best gift to the world, and following out her own tastes, living her life according to her inherent needs, will make her more true to herself, and a more noble and perfect helpmeet, a more loving mother.

"The she-eagle has pinions as strong to soar to the sun as her mate. But when the necessities of her nature require her to stay in her eyrie, when has she proved unfaithful to her trust? Nature keeps all roving propensities in abeyance; but clip her wings and no chirping brood calls the father-bird to flutter his joy over the happy nest. Caged, she pines and dies.

"Can the aspiring manhood of to-day be chained as it was a hundred years ago? But man cannot advance alone. Woman will walk by his side, and the Nation cannot afford to lose all the latent power, because there are homes to be made beautiful, husbands to be met with smiles, children to be washed and dressed, and beefsteaks to be broiled. Women can and will do all this and more.

"No better wives, mothers or housekeepers can be found than some of our American women who have made themselves honored and useful outside their prescribed sphere. 'Tools to the hands that can use them.'"

We are glad to learn that *The Herald of Health* has, as it deserves, a large and increasing circulation. It is published by Messrs. Miller, Wood & Co., at 15 Laight street, at $2,00 per annum.

Our Young Folks for August is an attractive number. Mrs. Stowe contributes "Pussy and Emily Mature" in which she tells her little friends something of her Southern home among the orange groves. Her apology to them for having delayed the continuation of this story so long, is given thus:

"Well, a short time ago, we wrote all about Pussy Willow, and finished her history, and did it up, and directed it to Ticknor & Fields, and put it into our mail-bag, But, just as the time came to get the bag out to the wharf, there came up a thunder-storm with a tremendous gale of wind, and the little mail-bag was seized by the wind, and carried sheer off the wharf into the water; and the waves were running so high, and the wind was making such a commotion, that there was no such thing as dragging for it till next day, and then dragging did no good. There it lies at the bottom of the St. John's River—this diverting and edifying history of Pussy Willow—along with forty letters, the half-weekly mail of the village of Mandarin.

For the life of us we can't help wondering what will become of them all. There is a pretty lively and intelligent population of people under the blue waters of the St. John's, who will probably, first or last, have the discussion of it; but their opinions will be rather of a scaly nature, and will never be known to us. There is the lordly Dr. Alligator, who, though his mouth opens like an old-fashioned snuff-box, and his backbone runs down to a long scaly point, nevertheless, is an honest, respectable old fellow in his way. I think he will probably have the first opening of that mail-bag, which he will manage with one decided *chaw*; and then I fancy he will abandon it in disgust, after the manner of newspapers and critics generally, when they come across what has no particular relation to their own tastes and fancies."

"William Henry's Letters to his Grandmother" and "Cast Away in the Cold" are continued, and there are also pleasant poems and other stories with "music," wonderful puzzles, etc., to delight the juvenile reader.

Harper's Magazine for August contains among other good things three illustrated articles—"To and Upon the Amoor River;" "Among the Andes of Peru and Bolivia;" and "John Bull in Abyssinia." "The Womans' Kingdom" is continued and numbers its twenty-first chapter. From the valuable article entitled "Why the Ancients had no Printing Press," We quote the following significant paragraph:

"But we return to the question, *Why, when the demand for publication was so great, was there no Printing-Press.*

"The answer to this question discloses the bane of ancient civilization, and the primary cause of its ruin. This bane was the system of slavery. Capital owned labor; therefore labor was cheap, and was without dignity. While Lucullus dined upon rarities costing thousands of dollars in the case of a single meal, his clients were simply slaves. The only cost involved in the production of a book was the sustenance of the servile writers and embellishers. Publication was carried on just as a Southern plantation was worked ten years ago. And the same reasons which prevented the introduction of modern improvements in our slave-States prevented the introduction of the Printing-Press as an organ of ancient civilization."

The writer concludes thus:

"Thus the reflection is forced upon us, even from the history of the art of Printing, that National progress as well as National integrity mainly depends not upon the point to which individual wealth or culture may reach, but upon the elevation of the masses through the dignity of labor.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for August presents the following contents: "A remarkable case of Physical Phenomena;" "St. Michael's night;" "Convivial Songs;" "A Trip to Ischia;" "Ideal Property;" "To C. S.;" "Out on the Reef;" "Will the coming man drink wine;" "Worldly Wise;" "De Piscium Natura;" "Notre Dame and the Advent of Gothic Architecture;" "Cretan Days;" "A Modern Lettre de Cachet Reviewed;" "Lost and Found;" "The Footpath;" with reviews and literary notices."

The August number of *Our Schoolday Visitor* contains its usual variety of children's stories with illustrations. Among the list of contributors are Sophie May, G. W. Bungay, Helen C. Weeks, and other popular writers.

Miss Louisa M. Alcott has written a book for girls entitled "Little Women," which is announced as in press by a Boston house.

RECEIVED.

THE NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY. By William Smith, L.L.D. 780 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers.

CAPE COD AND ALL ALONG SHORE STORIES.—By Charles Nordhoff. 235 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The *Methodist Quarterly Review* for July. New York: Carlton and Lanahan.

Blackwood's Magazine for July. New York: Leonard Scott Publishing Co.

Our Schoolday Visitor, for August. Philadelphia: J. W. Daughaday & Co.

The Children's Friend. E. K. Smedley, Editor, West Chester, Pa.

The *Radical* for August. Boston: Adams & Co.

Every Saturday. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Littell's Living Age. Boston: Littell & Gay.

Merry's Museum for August. Boston: H. B. Fuller.

MARRIED.

ON the 24th May, at St. Mary's Church, Cheltenham, England, by the Rev. Dr. Walker, EDMUND QUINCY PUTNAM, of Salem, Mass., to GERTRUDE AGNES, only daughter of John Elliston, Esq., of Sydenham, near London. No cards.

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THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND!

[Translated by James Clarence Mangan.]

WHERE is the German's Fatherland?
Is't Prussia? Swabia? Is't the strand
Where grows the vine, where flows the Rhine?
Is't where the gull skims Baltic's brine?
—No!—yet more great and far more grand
Must be the German's Fatherland!

How call they then the German's land?
Bavaria? Brunswick? Hast thou scanned?
Is't where the Zuyder Zee extends?
Where Styrian toil the iron bends?
—No, brother, no!—thou hast not spanned
The German's genuine Fatherland!

Is then the German's Fatherland
Westphalia? Pomerania? Stand
Where Zurich's waveless water sleeps:
Where Weser winds, where Danube leaps:
Hast found it now? Not yet! Demand
Elsewhere the German's Fatherland!

Then say, Where lies the German's land?
How call they that unconquered land?
Is't where Tyrol's green mountains rise?
The Switzer's land I dearly prize,
By Freedom's purest breezes fanned—
But no! 'tis not the German's land!

Where, therefore, lies the German's land?
Baptize that great, that ancient land!
'Tis surely Austria, proud and bold,
In wealth unmatched, in glory old?
O! none shall write her name on sand:
But she is not the German's land!

Say then, Where lies the German's land!
Baptize that great, that ancient land!
Is't Alsace? Or Lorraine—that gem
Wrenched from the Imperial Diadem
By wiles which princely treachery planned?
No! these are not the German's land!

Where, therefore, lies the German's land?
Name now at last that mighty land!
Where'er resounds the German tongue—
Where German hymns to God are sung—
There, gallant brother, take thy stand!
That is the German's Fatherland!

That is his land, the land of lands,
Where vows bind less than clasped hands,
Where Valor lights the flashing eye,
Where Love and Truth in deep hearts lie,
And Zeal enkindles Freedom's brand—
That is the German's Fatherland!

That is the German's Fatherland!
Where Hate pursues each foreign band—
Where German is the name for friend,
Where Frenchman is the name for fiend,
And France's yoke is spurned and banned—
That is the German's Fatherland!

That is the German's Fatherland!
Great God! look down and bless that land!
And give her noble children souls
To cherish while Existence rolls,
And love with heart, and aid with hand,
Their Universal Fatherland!

HARRIET LIVERMORE.

THE N. Y. *Evening Post* recently announced the death of "Harriet Livermore, aged eighty-one." She was the original of that strange character in Whittier's "Snow Bound,"

> "Who that winter night
> Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.
> Unmarked by time, and yet not young,
> The honeyed music of her tongue,
> And words of meekness scarcely told
> A nature passionate and bold,
> Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide,
> Its milder features dwarfed beside
> Her unbent will's majestic pride."

Many years ago she began to display eccentricities which attracted attention, and her voice was heard swelling the "social battle-cry" in New England before she began her remarkable adventures in the Old World, of which the *New York Evening Post* speaks as follows:

At length her friends missed her, and after months they heard of her in Europe and Asia and Africa.

> "Since then, what old cathedral town
> Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown?
> What convent door has held its lock
> Against the challenge of her knock?"

At one time we find her in Egypt giving our late consul, Mr. Thayer, a world of trouble, arising from her peculiar notions. At another time we see her amid the gray olive slopes of Jerusalem, demanding—not begging—money for the "Great King;" and once when an American, fresh from home during the late rebellion, offered her in Palestine a handful of greenbacks, "she flung them back to him with disdain, saying, 'The Great King will only have gold!'" At one time, years ago, she climbed the sides of Mount Libanus and visited Lady Hester Stanhope, that eccentric sister of the younger Pitt.

One day they went to the stables, where Lady Hester had a magnificent collection of Arabian horses, for it is well known that Lady Hester, amongst her other oddities, married a Sheik of the mountains, and thus had a fine opportunity for securing the choicest steeds of the Orient. Lady Hester pointed to Harriet Livermore two very fine horses with peculiar marks, but differing from each other in color. "That one," said Lady Hester," the Great King, when he comes, will ride, and the other I will ride in company with him." Thereupon Harriet Livermore gave a most emphatic "No," and declared with foreknowledge and *aplomb*, that "the Great King will ride this horse, and it is I who, as his bride, will, at his second coming, ride the other horse." It is said that she carried her point with Lady Hester, overpowering her with superior fluency and assertion. No wonder Whittier speaks of her as

> "—— startling on her desert throne
> The crazy Queen of Lebanon,
> With claims fantastic as her own."

Between two and three years ago she returned to America, and since that time has resided in Philadelphia. To the end of her life, though more impatient than when younger, she exhibited those qualities which Whittier has so well described. The poet throws the mantle of pity over her, and we all can join in the conclusion of his admirable sketch of Harriet Livermore:

> "It is not ours to separate
> The tangled skein of will and fate,
> To show what metes and bounds should stand
> Upon the soul's debatable land,
> And between choice and Providence
> Divide the circle of events.
>
> But He who knows our frame is just,
> Merciful, and compassionate,
> And full of sweet assurances,
> And hope for all the language is,
> That He remembereth we are dust."

A HOME OF TASTE.—Engravings shed their spirit over a household. The calm portraits of the great and worthy dead exercise a great influence over me. I could look on those over my own fireplace until they seem neither absent nor departed, but living yet. Every good picture is the best of sermons and lectures. The sense informs the soul. Whatever you have, have beauty. Let beauty be on the paper on your walls. It is as easy to choose a paper suggestive of the lovely in form and color, as the uncouth. Why should not every household object be sanctified with this grateful charm? Each chair, each table, each tea or chamber service, and every object for kitchen or parlor, for the home of the poor man, artisan, or mechanic, I would have them all worthy of a home of taste.—*Sidney Smith.*

AUDIENCES.

I HAVE been kindly treated by a great many, and may occasionally face one hereafter. But I tell you the average intellect of five hundred persons, taken as they come, is not very high. It may be sound and safe, so far as it goes, but it is not very rapid or profound. A lecture ought to be something which all can understand, about something which interests everybody. I think that if any experienced lecturer gives you a different account from this, it will probably be one of those eloquent or forcible speakers who hold an audience by the charm of their manner, whatever they talk about—even when they don't talk very well.

But an average, which was what I meant to speak about, is one of the most extraordinary subjects of observation and study. It is awful in its uniformity, in its automatic necessity of action. Two communities of ants or bees are exactly alike in all their actions, so far as we can see. Two lyceum assemblies, of five hundred each, are so nearly alike that they are absolutely undistinguishable in many cases by any definite mark, and there is nothing but the place and time by which one can tell the "remarkably intelligent audience" of a town in New York or Ohio from one in any New England town of similar size. Of course, if any principle of selection has come in, as in those special associations of young men which are common in cities, it deranges the uniformity of the assemblage. But let there be no such interfering circumstances, and one knows pretty well even the look the audience will have before he goes in. Front seats: a few old folks—shiny-headed—slant up best ear towards the speaker—drop off asleep after a while, when the air begins to be a little narcotic with carbonic acid. Bright women's faces, young and middle-aged, a little behind these, but toward the front—(pick out the best and lecture mainly to that). Here and there a countenance sharp and scholar-like, and a dozen pretty female ones sprinkled about. An indefinite number of pairs of young people—happy, but not very attentive. Boys in the back-ground, more or less quiet. Dull faces here, there—in how many places! I don't say dull people, but faces without a ray of sympathy or a movement of expression. They are what kill the lecturer. These negative faces with their vacuous eyes and stony lineaments pump and suck the warm soul out of him—that is the chief reason why lecturers grow so pale before the season is over. They render latent any amount of vital caloric; they act on our minds as those cold-blooded creatures I was talking about act on our hearts.

Out of all these inevitable elements the audience is generated—a great compound vertebrate, as much like fifty others you have seen as any two mammals of the same species are like each other. Each audience laughs, and each cries, in just the same place of your lecture; that is, if you make one laugh or cry you make all. Even those little indescribable movements which a lecturer takes cognizance of, just as a driver notices his horse's cocking his ears, are sure to come in exactly the same place of your lecture, always. I declare to you that, as the monk said about the picture in the convent—that he sometimes thought the living tenants were the shadows and the painted figures the realities—I have sometimes felt as if I were a wandering spirit, and this great unchanging multi-vertebrate which I faced night after night was one ever-listening animal, which writhed along after me wherever I fled, and coiled at my feet every evening, turning up to me the same sleepless eyes which I thought I had closed with my last drowsy incantation!—*Holmes.*

JOURNALISM.

In eight years the entire range and method of the newspaper business has undergone a revolution. First-class editors now are rarer than first-class lawyers or doctors: and a first-class reporter, like a thing of beauty, "is a joy forever," so rare is he. It is a great mistake that local reporting is a second-rate employment. It is so considered because second-rate persons so often fill the local desks on a daily journal. But it is in reality a most important position. It requires tact, originality, industry, discretion, sobriety, good sense, intelligence, quickness. Of course every department of a well-conducted press calls for all these excellent traits more or less; and, therefore, it is harder to equip a newspaper than to organize an army or officer a man-of-war.

During the next fifty years the press will play the most conspicuous part in public affairs. It will be what its sycophants have always claimed for it, but what it has never really been, the "fourth estate." Ultimately, books will cease to be written. Belles-lettres will be confined to the standards. The newspapers, enlarged and every way improved, will probably supply the public its daily mental food. There is little reason to doubt this; and, as soon as it comes to be generally understood, ambitious young fellows will begin to turn aside from the old fogy professions and take to journalism as their fathers took to law and physic. Editors will be less rare then than they are now, and more competent. Anybody can write. But writing is the least part of journalism. In fact, literature and daily newspapers are only second cousins, and the one is a sort of "poor relation" of the other. Journalism, strictly, is the science of human nature; a combination of action and the actor's art, at once a reflection and the thing itself.

The really able journalist must therefore be not only a man of thought, but a man of action also. The voluptuous litterateur has no place in the modern printing office; for he only is useful who can work at night; give up society; subordinate his personality to his craft; consider himself, while on duty, as a man on a voyage, bound to serve out a certain time. A newspaper is, indeed, a ship at sea, and almost always in a storm. The billows of popular passion are out there on every side, seething and foaming. Keep her steady to the wind and there is no danger; but it is fearful to try to run against the current or in face of the wind and the least insubordination or inebriety or lack of skill of officers or crew may be fatal.—*Louisville Journal.*

MANY years ago a Massachusetts teacher saw a boy come into his school who bore a bad character. He determined, if he could, to make a good boy of him. So he spoke kindly to him, and he behaved well that day. The next morning the prudential committee (as he was called) came in, and said: "Mr. T——, I hear that bad fellow, M——, has come to your school. Turn him out at once! he will spoil the rest of the boys." "No, sir," replied the teacher; "I will leave the school, if you say so, but I cannot expel a boy so long as he behaves well." So he kept him, and encouraged him, confided in him, till he became one of the best boys in school. Years afterward that boy, having grown to manhood, and obtained an honorable position in life, would take special pains to visit his old teacher, and thank him for having been the means of saving him. Wrong-doers would more often reform if they could find any who would trust them and help them.

A DOUBTER'S HYMN.

God of the heart! whose love immense
In each of us, half-quenched, unseen,
Darts its pure light at times between
The prison-bars of sin and sense,

We know Thou art, for there did move,
In guise of mortal nature, one,
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
Whose life and death were naught but love.

Durst we, then, hope that we, who plod
Up the steep path of wrong or right,
Yet bear within our hearts a light,
The earnest of the perfect God?

God of the mind! whose power is given
To some of us in part to trace
The glories of Thy hidden face,
The secrets of the earth and heaven;

No man hath ever known Thee quite.
We pant, O God! we pant to find
Some great apostle of the mind
To lift the veil and show us light.

But no; by turns we fling away
Each faithless guide, and learn that he
Who fain would pierce the mystery
Himself must grope to find the day.

And must we then in doubt and fear
Watch on, watch ever for each star
That glimmers on us faint and far,
And know the dawn will not appear?

And is the dream that human kind
Is marching on from age to age,
To claim its perfect heritage,
Mere vision of an idle mind?

We know not; but for him, we know,
Who loveth and who prayeth well
Some flash of God's own truth shall quell
The doubts that bow his spirit low.

Then bate not what thou hast of breath;
In thee hath dwelt, and yet shall dwell,
O man! a love that knows not Death,
And reaches past the grasp of Hell.

In thee shall dwell, it may befall,
The knowledge of the truth of things,
The mind to hold high communings
With Him who is the Cause of all.

London Spectator.

HOW TO KEEP HOUSES COOL IN HOT WEATHER.

MR. JOHN ATFIELD, Professor of Practical Chemistry to the Pharmaceutical Society, gives these seasonable directions in the *London Times*:—"In these hot days a cool apartment is a real luxury, a luxury to be had far oftener than most people suppose possible. The secret consists, not in letting in cool air, for naturally all do that whenever they have the chance, but in keeping out hot air. If the air outside a room or house be cooler than the air inside, let it in by all means; but if it be hotter carefully keep it out. A staircase window left open during the night will often cool the passages of a house, and the rooms, too, if their doors be not shut; but it must be closed at eight or nine o'clock in the morning, or, if on the sunny side, at four or five o'clock, and the blind drawn down. The mistake people generally make is to throw open their windows at all hours of the day, no matter whether the atmosphere outside be cool or scorching. 'Let us have some air,' they say, and in comes the treacherous breeze—for even hot air is pleasant while it is gently blowing, taking away perspiration, and thereby cooling the skin; but the apartment is made warmer instead of cooler, and as soon as they move out of the draught they find their room to be more uncomfortable than before. Let in cool air, keep out hot; that is the only formula to insure the minimum of discomfort. Sitting-rooms may generally be kept cool during the whole day if the doors be only opened for ingress and egress, and the windows be kept closed and shielded from direct sunshine by a blind. If the atmosphere of a room be impure from any cause, let it be renewed; hot air is less injurious than bad air. If a room be small in comparison with the number of persons engaged in it, free ventilation becomes indispensable. In a cooking apartment the temperature will probably be higher than outside, hence the free admission even of hot air will be desirable. If persons do not object to sit in a direct draught of air, windows and doors may be opened, a breeze being more refreshing, even though several degrees warmer, than still air; but under nearly all other circumstances rooms should be kept closed as much as possible till after sundown, or till the air outside is cooler than that inside. Let in cool air, keep out hot."

QUOTATION AND ORIGINALITY.

READ in Plato, and you shall find Christian dogmas, and not only so, but stumble on our evangelical phrases. Hegel preexists in Proclus, and, long, before, in Heraclitus. Whoso knows Plutarch, Lucian, Rabelais, Montaigne, and Bayle, will have a key to many supposed originalities. Rabelais is the source of many a proverb, story and jest, derived from him into all modern languages; and, if we knew Rabelais's reading, we should see the rill of the Rabelais river. Swedenborg, Behmen, Spinoza, will appear original to uninstructed and thoughtless persons; their originality will disappear to such as are either well read or thoughtful: for scholars will recognize their dogmas as reappearing in men of a similar intellectual elevation throughout history. Albert, the "wonderful doctor," St. Buonaventura, the "seraphic doctor," Thomas Aquinas, the "angelic doctor" of the thirteenth century, whose books made the sufficient culture of these ages, Dante absorbed, and he survives for us. "Reynard the Fox," a German poem of the thirteenth century, was long supposed to be the original work, until Grimm found fragments of another original a century older. M. Le Grand showed that in the old Fabliaux were the originals of the tales of Moliere, La Fontaine, Bocaccio, and of Voltaire.

Mythology is no man's work; but what we daily observe in regard to the *bon-mots* that circulate in society—that every talker helps a story in repeating it, until, at last, from the slenderest filament of fact a good fable is constructed—the same befalls mythology: the legend is tossed from believer to poet, from poet to believer, everybody adding a grace or dropping a fault or rounding the form, until it gets an ideal truth.

Religious literature, the psalms and liturgies of churches, are, of course of this slow growth—a fagot of selections gathered through ages, leaving the worse and saving the better, until it is at last the work of the whole communion of worshippers. The Bible itself is like an old Cremona; it has been played upon by the devotion of thousands of years, until every word and particle is public and tunable. —[R. W. EMERSON, in the *North American Review*, for April.]

RESTITUTION EXTRAORDINARY.—On Monday night John Sidney, who keeps in Fore street, was accosted by a man with a trunk on his back, who desired to leave the same with John for a while for safe keeping. John readily consented, but what was his surprise to discover shortly after that it was the identical trunk, well filled with his own clothing, that had been stolen from him on the night of the great fire. This was funny enough, but soon after along came a woman inquiring if a man had been seen going past with a trunk. John replied in the affirmative, and exhibited the trunk in question, which the woman at once declared was her own, and was stolen from her by a "murtherin' hound." John still clings to the trunk thus singularly restored to him.—*Portland Press.*

THE SEXES AND AMUSEMENTS.

IT may be laid down as a general rule that amusements which separate the sexes are dangerous. I would not press the truth too narrowly and literally, but undoubtedly it is a general truth that where women seek their amusements in one way by themselves, there is in both ways a tendency to degeneration and temptation. God meant that man and woman should live together, work together, and in all the functions of life—civil, social, religious, artistic and intellectual—cooperate with each other; and their mutual relations are harmonizing and balancing, and no where else more than in the seeking and prosecution of amusements. I believe that boys and girls should go to school together. As they sit together in the household, so I think they should sit together in our temples of learning. Colleges should not be for all men or for all women; but the same buildings and the same professors should be provided for both in common. And as it is in everything else, so it should be in amusements. There is much greater liability to temptation and immorality, where amusements is sought in the isolation or separation of the sexes.

Therefore, all exhibitions of pictures and statues, all provisions for public recreation, all institutions for public amusements, should be such as to enable the people to go in groups and families.

I do not think amusements can be good generally, in a community in which a man is ashamed to take his whole family to them. If there is anything you would not like your wife and children to participate with you, the presumption is that it is wrong; and if there is anything you would like them to participate in with you, the presumption is that it is right. All this might be made a rule of judgment far more widely than it now is.—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE DREAMER.

NOT in the laughing bowers,
Where, by green-twining arms, a pleasant shade,
A summer-noon, is made,
And where swift-footed hours
Steal the rich breath of the enamored flowers,
Dream I—nor where the golden glories be,
At sunset paving o'er the flowing sea,
And to pure eyes the faculty is given
To trace the smooth ascent from earth to heaven.

Not on the couch of ease,
With all appliances of joy at hand—
Soft light, sweet fragrance, beauty at command,
Viands that might a godlike palate please,
And music's soul-creative ecstasies,
Dream I—nor gloating o'er a wide estate,
Till the full self-complacent heart, elate,
Well satisfied with bliss of mortal birth,
Sighs for an immortality on earth:

But where the incessant din
Of iron hands, and roar of brazen throats,
Join their unmingling notes,
While the long summer day is pouring in,
Till day is done and darkness doth begin,
Dream I—or in the corner where I lie,
On winter nights, just covered from the sky;
Such is my fate, and barren as it seem,
Yet, thou blind, soulless scorner! yet, I dream.

And, yet, I dream—
Dream what, were man more just, I might have been!
How strong, how fair, how kindly, and serene,
Glowing of heart and glorious of mien,
The conscious crown to Nature's blissful scene;
In just and equal brotherhood, to glean,
With all mankind, exhaustless pleasure keen;
Such is my dream.

A REMARKABLE MENTAL PRODIGY.—The members of a small but highly cultivated world in Paris are at present much occupied with a great marvel. This is a pretty young girl of twelve or fourteen, who has received a good but not extraordinary education, but who, to the amazement of every one, speaks a number of languages with extraordinary ease, and has rapidly developed within a few months a depth and extent of knowledge of every kind which is literally miraculous. Her parents and friends, who have been with her constantly, declare that her reading has been limited, and her knowledge of the world next to nothing, yet there is scarcely an event in history, a great work of art, a distinguished man of letters, or artist, or monarch, or statesman unknown to her. Of all these she speaks as if they were known to her by experience.

A distinguished jurist and philosopher, who had heard of this living miracle, declared, after several hours' conversation, that there was not a judge in Europe more profoundly familiar with every phase of crime, every caprice of the aberrations of passion, or every theory of reform and punishment than this infant. It has been observed that her mind darts like lightning in conversation from hint to conjecture, and that she surmises and draws forth facts and truths with a strange power like divination. "She learned from me ten times more than I knew myself on a subject which I had studied for years," was the remark of a well-known *savant*, who had conversed with her in hopes to fathom her secret of acquiring knowledge. There is no claim to supernatural or mystical influences, and the power, whatever it be, is all purely mental.

THE WOUNDED are exposed to much suffering and privation in Germany, notwithstanding the recent organization of relief societies on the plan of our Sanitary Commission. The enormous number of casualties has probably overtaxed the resources of the commission. A letter from the Prussian army, written on the day after the battle of Sudowa, contains this passage: "In consequence of the rapid marches, our army is in want of every necessary for the nursing of the wounded. Thousands are lying under the open sky, and after the engagements of the 26th, 27th, and 28th of June there was only one doctor for every thousand who had been struck down. The fugitive inhabitants of the villages have taken all their horses with them, and hence the wounded Austrians cannot be conveyed to the hospitals, but linger out their lives on the spot they fell. The Prussian military surgeons make no difference between their own countrymen and the Austrian prisoners; but still fallen Austrians may lack, in many cases, the necessary assistance."

THE little river Restonica, in Corsica, has the wonderful property of whitening everything thrown into it. Its waters are clear as crystal, and the small stones which are seen in its bed are as white as chalk. Any kind of metal, but particularly iron, when dipped into it, has the appearance of being plated with silver. The quality of its waters, also, is esteemed highly salutarious.

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